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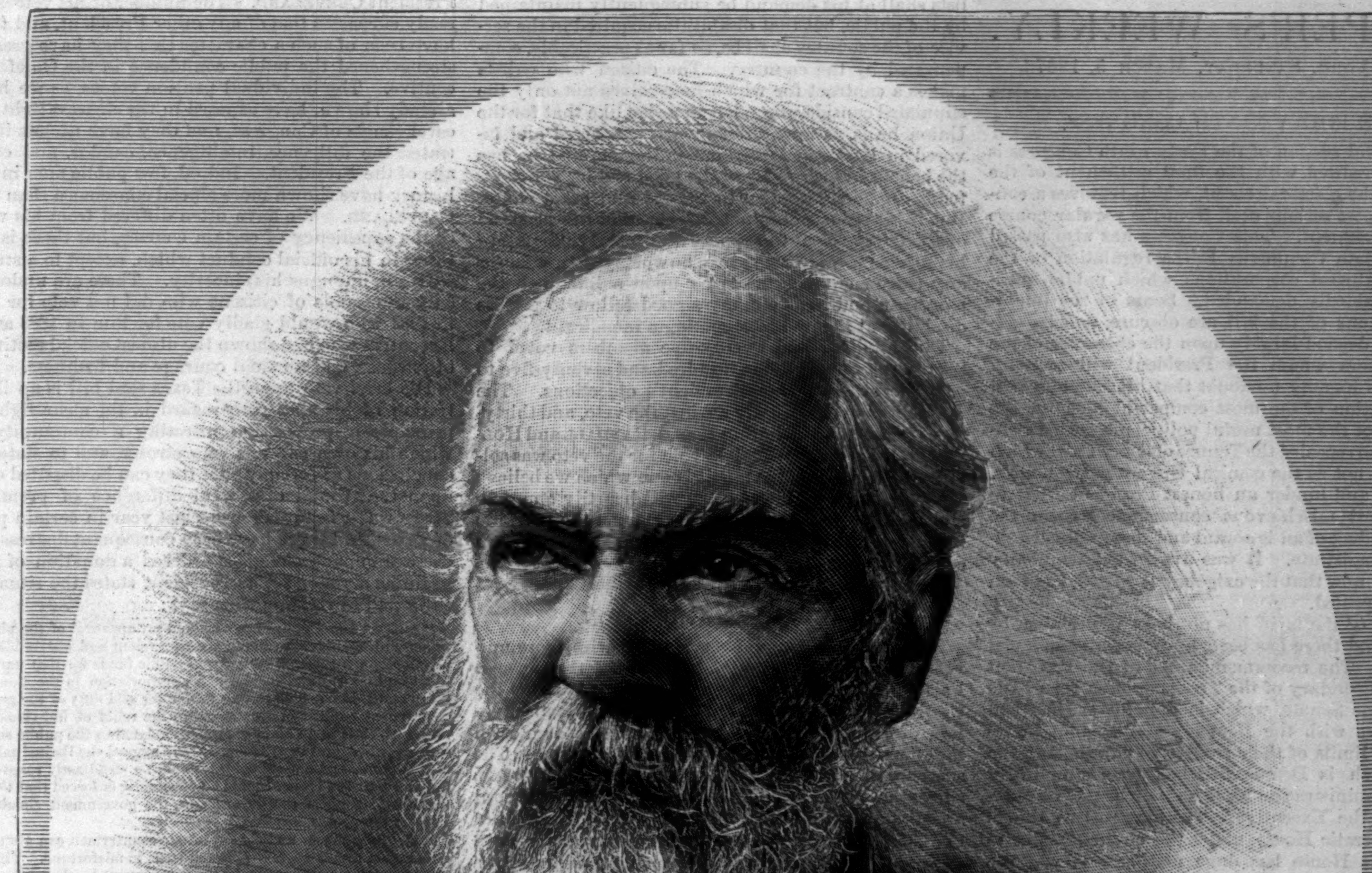

PROFESSOR JAMES STRONG, S. T. D.—[SEE PAGE 171.]

"HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE grows better and better every year."—*New York Herald.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

In the issue of March 1 is the first instalment of a story in two parts, entitled

BILLY COFFIN'S ALMANAC,

BY BARNET PHILLIPS,

which shows marked power and originality. It is illustrated by a handsome engraving after a drawing by J. MACDONALD.

An article entitled "The Babies' Ward," by MRS. MARGARET E. SANGSTER, *describes one of the most engaging of the many New York city charities, and the description is emphasized by a charming full-page illustration by* JESSIE SHEPHERD.

Other notable articles in the number are "Scratching Birds," by SARAH COOPER; *"Skating on the English Fens;" and "Bearskin," one of* HOWARD PYLE'S *favorite series of fairy tales, with five illustrations by the author.*

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1887.

THE FORTY-NINTH CONGRESS.

THE second session of the Forty-ninth Congress is to be credited with the final settlement of the method of the electoral count, which removes a constant and most serious peril from the regular course of the government. This Congress has also passed the Inter-State Commerce Bill, a regulation of the power of railroad corporations which public sentiment undoubtedly demanded. Some of the important provisions of the bill are obscure, and its efficiency will depend largely upon the character of the Commissioners whom the President will appoint. But there is happily no doubt that his sole aim will be the selection of the most competent men for the duty, and not the most useful politicians. This Congress has also repealed the Tenure of Office Law, which was passed, not as the comical Governor HILL says, "to annoy and hinder an honest President," but to prevent most mischievous consequences from the reckless conduct of an ignorant and sometimes drunken Chief Magistrate. It was a wise but temporary law, which, now that the exigency is passed, has been properly repealed.

Revision of the tariff has not been undertaken by Congress, and there has been no important financial legislation. The recommendations of the President and of the Secretary of the Treasury have been little heeded. The Senate, which is Republican, has had controversies with the Democratic President in regard to the limits of their respective powers, and the House, which is Democratic, has been practically without Administration leadership or hearty co-operation with the Executive. There were two things for a Democratic House, under the circumstances, to do, and this House has done neither. It was the first time within a generation almost that the Democratic party was responsible for legislation. The House, therefore, should have shown to the country by cordially sustaining the Administration, whose chief had been the choice of the people, that it represented the spirit and policy of the party; but it has demonstrated only supreme indifference, if not hostility. The other point which it should have made clear was its legislative capacity, but it has demonstrated only an extraordinary incapacity. It would be impossible to gather from the debates and proceedings of the House that the dominant party has any general principles or policy which it has endeavored to put into legislation. Its conduct has gone far to confirm the feeling that it had been so long excluded from administration that it had lost the power of government.

The settlement of the Presidential succession is another excellent act of the Forty-ninth Congress. There was no serious difference of opinion on either side upon this subject or upon the electoral count—a fact which is most creditable. As discreditable, however, was the large vote upon both sides for the Dependent Pension Bill. Upon this, as upon almost all of the chief measures, party lines disappeared, and the Mexican Pension Bill, which was denounced by Republicans as a sop to rebels, was supported by a very large part of the Republican vote. The course of this Congress has shown most clearly how little party names now describe party differences. We recall no serious measure which was passed by a strict party vote. The bills for increasing the navy and for coast defences were sustained by both parties. But it is observable that the legislative measures of importance were not generally proposed by the Administration party. That party, indeed, has undoubtedly lost in public estimation by the conduct of its majority in the House, as it has gained by the general conduct of its Executive. The fatal fault of the Democratic party is its inability to comprehend the profound change in public sentiment, and to perceive that the old Democratic party, which vanished in the civil war, can never be revived by talking about Jeffersonian principles and pointing to the Democratic supremacy of many years, which ended in the long and terrible conflict of arms.

THE LAST OF THE DEPENDENT PENSION BILL.

THE vote in the House to sustain the veto of the dependent or pauper pension bill wisely records the conviction of the country that the bill would be a great wrong. Many of the Grand Army posts have petitioned for the passage of the bill; but, on the other hand, many conspicuous and honorable soldiers, like General CHAMBERLAIN, have strongly supported the view of the President. The action of the Grand Army posts is doubtless largely due to *esprit de corps*, rather than to a settled intelligent persuasion that soldiers whose disability is not in any way due to military service should be supported by the government.

This is a view which has not been set forth with sufficient prominence during the discussion. The true theory of pension is not that every man who enlists shall at his demand be subsequently maintained by the public, but that disabilities acquired in the service of the country shall be, so far as practicable, compensated by the country. The citizen who enlists makes a contract for which he receives not only the stipulated consideration, but in a war like that for the Union he is, as now, subsequently preferred and favored in laws regulating appointments, and he has the benefit in every way of the good feeling which attends an honest soldier in a good and great cause. But if his service does not disable him, the proposal of the government to support him merely because of his service would place every unworthy man who for any reason entered the army upon a line with the worthiest, and induce many a good fellow to profess disability at the cost of becoming a mendicant.

One hundred and twenty-five members voted to sustain the veto, and one hundred and seventy-five to pass the bill over the President's objections. The Republicans voted solidly against the veto, and thirty-three Democrats, including Messrs. RANDALL and HOLMAN, voted with them. The vote for the veto was solidly Democratic. The result is one which we believe the good sense of the country will heartily approve, and the President may confidently trust the patriotic intelligence, which is the final arbiter of Executive conduct.

THE GERMAN ELECTION.

No election has been ever watched with more universal interest than the late election for the German Parliament. The telegraph promptly acquaints the whole civilized world with the daily political situation of every country, and enables it to watch with intelligence the course of every great election. The speeches of BISMARCK and VON MOLTKE a few weeks since, the immediate dissolution of the Parliament and the appeal to the country, the consciousness of Christendom that the peace of Europe depended upon the issue, the unprecedented open interference of the Pope in favor of BISMARCK'S military policy, and the increasing strength of the Socialist party in Germany, all gave a singular interest to the contest. It was substantially a conflict between parliamentary and autocratic government. BISMARCK'S contemptuous defiance of the Reichstag, and his known impatience of parliamentary and constitutional restraint, were arrayed against the principle of representative government. But the appeal to jealousy and apprehension of France was conclusive, and the election has apparently given to BISMARCK the practically absolute control of the army for seven years.

That the chances of war have been diminished by the result, however, is not clear. The menace to the peace of Europe lies, first, in the long-cherished purpose of vengeance on the part of France, and the appearance of the man who in the popular feeling of France expresses that purpose, and second, in the enormous standing armies. The Pope is naturally praised by the German ambassador at Rome as intervening in the interest of peace by approving the maintenance of vast military preparations. But the cultivation of a military spirit and the support of an immense army are unspeakable misfortunes to a country, and produce a discontent which constantly threatens peace. The incessant marshalling and drilling of troops, the purchase of improved fire-arms, the formation of camps of instruction, the strengthening of fortifications, and the declarations that all these proceedings are essential to prevent war, only produce war. It is general disarmament, not universal armament, which invites peace. BISMARCK'S policy springs from his knowledge that France is bitterly hostile, and only bides her time. The statue of Strasbourg is still draped with mourning, and the peace of such a situation is merely the pause of calculation.

While Germany and France are thus preserving the peace of two wild animals, each cautiously watching the other, the white bear Russia watches both. It is hardly doubtful that if France and Germany should grapple upon the Rhine, Russia would appear upon the Danube. At this distance the European situation seems to be that of the sultry dog-day before a thunder-shower. The stillness is electric, and a single flash at any point would precipitate the storm. The Emperor of Germany and BISMARCK and VON MOLTKE are old men. Should they die, unquestionably France would move. While they live, apparently sustained by the country, France may wait. But BISMARCK'S conduct shows his anticipations, while VON MOLTKE frankly stated that unless the Chancellor was sustained, war was certain. The situation, therefore—although the apprehension of a general European war is so chronic as almost to have lost its sting—is critical. The perfect preparation of Germany, the unabated vigor of BISMARCK and VON MOLTKE, and the evident support of the country, are merely the announcement that Germany is ready for war. Such an announcement may delay, but it can hardly prevent war.

THE EXECUTIVE VETO.

IT is long since the value and importance of the Executive veto has been so signally illustrated as by President CLEVELAND. The number of his vetoes already surpasses that of any other President, and they have been of such a character that they have greatly strengthened the public confidence in the Chief Executive. The individual pension vetoes, as we have already shown, have exposed in the clearest light the carelessness of Congress, and they have no less illustrated the diligence, intelligence, candor, and courage of the President. Indeed, few public men in our history have shown more official conscience than Mr. CLEVELAND. We have often differed from his view of the expediency of certain courses, but there is nothing in his official conduct which, except to a stupid partisan, impugns his sincerity. There are undoubtedly thousands of citizens who did not vote for him in 1884 who would gladly vote for him in 1888 as an Executive who had shown the utmost official rectitude of purpose, and unusual courage and firmness.

His brief veto upon the Texas seed bill is an illustration of his ability to regard in the clear light of principle a proposition affecting a community in which his own party is very strong, and to state his conclusions so forcibly that they can be disputed only upon the ground of a total difference of premises. There was a failure of crops last year in certain parts of Texas, and there have been consequent distress and destitution, and Congress ordered a donation of seed grain as a relief. The President states the situation fully and fairly, and then says:

> "And yet I feel obliged to withhold my approval of the plan as proposed by this bill, to indulge a benevolent and charitable sentiment through the appropriation of public funds for that purpose. I can find no warrant for such an appropriation in the Constitution; and I do not believe that the power and duty of the general government ought to be extended to the relief of individual suffering which is in no manner properly related to the public service or benefit. A prevalent tendency to disregard the limited mission of this power and duty should, I think, be steadfastly resisted, to the end that the lesson should be constantly enforced that though the people support the government, the government should not support the people.
>
> "The friendliness and charity of our countrymen can always be relied upon to relieve their fellow-citizens in misfortune. This has been repeatedly and quite lately demonstrated. Federal aid in such cases encourages the expectation of paternal care on the part of the government, and weakens the sturdiness of our national character, while it prevents the indulgence among our people of that kindly sentiment and conduct which strengthens the bonds of a common brotherhood."

The President suggests that if Senators and Representatives should send their annual allowance of seed to the suffering parts of Texas instead of the prosperous parts of their own States, the relief which is proposed might be secured.

There is no doubt that the doctrine of the message is the American doctrine of self-help. It recalls the country to the fundamental principle that taxes are to be levied for the expenses of the government economically administered—a principle which was admirably stated in a message of President ARTHUR, and which is held by most intelligent and patriotic citizens in both parties. Paternalism in government logically leads to overwhelming taxation, and fosters relaxation of the moral fibre of the country. If every community, when disaster of any kind befalls, should turn for relief to the national government, the results would be deplorable. The veto of the Texas seed bill is a strong reminder of this truth. But it required a courageous and sagacious Executive to make it.

A BLOW AT THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

THE persistence of the opponents of unsectarian common schools will doubtless produce an equally steadfast determination to maintain the fundamental condition of their prosperity, which is freedom from sectarian control. An extraordinary bill has been introduced in the Senate of New York, which proposes that the Roman Catholic Protectory in the city shall participate in the distribution of the common-school fund in the same manner and degree as the public schools of the city and county. The Union League Club at its late annual meeting expressed its opinion of this proposition in unmistakable language, in resolutions introduced by Mr. JOHN JAY, which speak the undoubted conviction of the great multitude of American citizens: "We are opposed to all sectarian appropriations, and we denounce as a crime against liberty and republican institutions every project for a sectarian division or perversion of the school fund of the State." If the same demand were made on behalf of a Baptist, or Methodist, or Presbyterian protectory, there is no doubt of the universal and emphatic protest that would follow. The Roman Catholic is the only religious denomination which is unwilling to accede to the cardinal condition of schools maintained at the public expense, which is that they shall be carefully guarded from a sectarian character, and the reluctance of politicians to maintain this principle unequivocally springs from fear of alienating the votes of the members of that communion.

The usual argument that unsectarian schools are godless schools as a reason for dividing the school fund would cover every kind of doctrine that might be interposed as a religious belief. No wrong is done by prohibiting a sectarian character in the schools, while it would be a great wrong to permit it. It is no more a valid objection to a school that it is not sectarian than to a workshop in which a child may be an apprentice or an employé. The purpose of the school is secular instruction, as that of the shop is the prosecution of a certain kind of business. But the shop cannot fairly be called godless because there is no provision in it for religious instruction. To the demand that the school fund should be equitably divided among the religious sects the conclusive reply is that the sole duty of the State toward religious opinion is to maintain equal freedom of religious thought and speech, but to avoid absolutely anything more.

This is the original American principle and policy, and its results have been so beneficial that it will be resolutely maintained until the increase of an un-American sentiment or the exigencies of partisan intrigue shall lead to a change. But that such a change would be advantageous to the country in any way whatever has never been demonstrated, and cannot be demonstrated. The condition of no country in which there is a State recognition of forms of religious faith is superior to our own, and it is incredible that any large body of American citizens can suppose that the attempted maintenance by the State of a proportioned system of Episcopal, Unitarian, Presbyterian, Roman Catholic, Baptist, Methodist, Congregational, Jewish, Mormon, and other religious schools would be preferable to our present non-sectarian system. To preserve such a system, whose extraordinary excellence is one of the chief American triumphs, certain sacrifices on all sides are, of course, indispensable. That such a proposition should be seriously offered in the Legislature as that to permit a sectarian protectory to participate in the distribution of the school fund is greatly to be regretted. But the passage of any such law would be a revolutionary blow at the American common-school system.

THE TILDEN WILL.

IF Mr. **TILDEN**'s heirs had been his own children, or if he had not made ample provision for them in his will, the attempt of two of them to deprive the city of New York of one of the most beneficent gifts ever offered to it might be regarded with different feelings. But the case actually presented is that of two beneficiaries of the will seeking by ingenious legal and technical pleas to obtain possession of the entire estate. There is no question of the admirable purpose of Mr. **TILDEN** toward the public, nor of his liberal disposition toward the heirs. If the will were to be interpreted by his known intention there would be no contest. The heirs would enjoy a generous provision, and the city would have perhaps the noblest free library in the world. But to draw a will which shall legally express the purpose of the testator seems to be beyond human ability. However indisputable the intention, however profound the legal knowledge and skilful the hand which draws the will, if the estate be large and the promise of the results of a contention alluring, a controversy is very sure to arise.

The **TILDEN** will requires, as the condition of the gift of the library, that the trust shall be accepted and incorporated by the Legislature. No such act, however, could impair any legal rights of any heir or claimant. It was the condition precedent of the gift to the people of the city. But as it could not affect any just rights, any effort to interpose conditions in the act of incorporation ought to be regarded with the utmost suspicion as designed to vitiate the act and injure the rights of the city under the will. The fact that the amendment reserving the rights of the heirs was proposed by the contesting heirs should have caused its rejection, upon the ground that the act did not and could not affect any such rights, and that the amendment must have been introduced, therefore, to throw doubt and suspicion upon the act itself, and so accrue to the advantage of the contesting heirs. If the amendment be mere surplusage, it should for that reason have been rejected. But if it be not surplusage, it injures the bill.

It is not pleasant to see this effort to defeat the great public purpose of Mr. **TILDEN**, and it is surprising that the Assembly should not have appreciated it more fully. The law protects all rights involved, but the will, in this particular, concerns no one but the heirs and the public. There is no controversy between the trustees as beneficiaries and the heirs, because the trustees have no personal interest whatever in the will. Two heirs under the will are contesting the bequest made by the will to the people of the city of New York. The will directs a corporation for a library, to be procured by the trustees in a form satisfactory to them, and in default of such action the alternative bequest for other purposes than a library, at the discretion of the trustees. To make the bequest for the library effective it must be accepted by the Legislature on behalf of the people; but the acceptance must be absolute. The Assembly has made it conditional. Should the Senate concur, it seems to be now probable that the city of New York would lose the most generous gift ever proffered to it.

A DROLL SUGGESTION.

A **LETTER** called "A Timely Note of Warning," which was recently published conspicuously in the New York *Tribune*, is a striking illustration of an utter want of faith in the existence of patriotism or public spirit. "The Republican Senate," says the letter, "is setting out to put $100,000,000 into the lap of the **CLEVELAND** Administration" for the national defence. "With this vast sum at the disposal of the **CLEVELAND** Administration," continues the letter, "they could carry New York against **GEORGE WASHINGTON** if he were to rise from the dead in 1888." The reasoning, or rather the allegation, here is that the Administration could not safely be trusted with the expenditure of money which the opposition itself considers to be necessary, and authorizes it to expend.

The writer of the letter does not seem to see that his argument is fatal to a system of government by party. If each party is to assume with him that the Administration of the opposite party cannot be trusted with the means necessary in the judgment of its opponents to do what the public situation requires, there can be nothing done whenever the government in every branch is not controlled by the same party. The insinuation that the Administration would pervert this great sum to mere partisan advantage, and that the American people could be bribed to vote against **WASHINGTON** by the money of the opposition, would be, if it were true, an assertion that the whole system of free popular government had failed, and that the voters and the Administration are equally venal. The writer of the letter would be willing, he says, to appropriate $3,000,000 annually for coast defences, and the same sum for a navy. But an Administration which would misuse one hundred millions could not be trusted to expend six millions. The only way to prevent a misuse of the public money would be to stop the supplies altogether until the writer's own party came into complete power, and then, of course—as he implies—every dollar of the largest appropriations would be legitimately expended, and the voters, no longer bribed with the public money, would vote honestly.

But when his party was in power, and propositions were made to grant money for a navy, Democratic partisans objected because they were unwilling to intrust it to the hands of the Republican Secretary of the Navy, and the writer of the letter will not forget Senator **HOAR**'s speech at the impeachment of Secretary **BELKNAP**, in which he described what he had seen even under Republican administration. The moral of it all is, not that parties are undesirable, nor that there may not be radical differences between them in principle and policy, nor that naught is everything, and everything is naught, but that it is exceedingly silly to assume that patriotism, public spirit, honesty, and intelligence are altogether wanting upon one side, and that there is nothing else upon the other. The question of national defences is not to be decided by the argument that even if they are necessary, the Administration which the American people have placed in power cannot be safely intrusted with the money necessary to obtain them.

AN IMPORTANT VERDICT.

IT is satisfactory that at last a coroner's jury finds somebody responsible for a horrible railroad slaughter. But it is shameful that there is apparently no legal redress. The jury in the case of the shocking calamity two months ago on the Baltimore and Ohio road, near Republic, Ohio, have presented a detailed arraignment of the guilty carelessness which permitted a dilapidated engine to be in use, and which imposed seventeen hours of continuous and exhausting work upon the engineer in charge, assisted only by an inexperienced fireman. The conductor of one of the two trains that collided neglected his duty to flag the other train, whose brakes were out of order, while the method of heating and lighting the cars is declared to have been "dangerous in the extreme."

The general verdict is that the loss of life came "through gross negligence on the part of the officials and managers of the Chicago division of the Baltimore and Ohio road at Garrett, Indiana, and through the gross negligence of Conductor L. F. **FLETCHER**, and through gross negligence on the part of the owners, managers, and officials of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company." Such a decisive verdict should seem to be adequate ground for proceedings against the persons inculpated. But under the laws of Ohio there seems to be no remedy. If this be true, every good citizen of that State will do what he can to procure the passage of laws equal to such emergencies.

The condition of universal and criminal negligence which is declared by this verdict shows plainly enough that it is very easy to push too far the theory that the self-interest of great railroad corporations may be trusted to provide all necessary securities for the personal safety of passengers. Self-interest does not prevent a brutal man from maltreating his horse, which may be his chief dependence, and human passion in general is quite as powerful a motive as self-interest. This is the general argument for such a law as the Inter-State Commerce Bill, however obscure the provisions of any particular bill may be. The community cannot safely trust to the principle that it is for the interest of railroad companies to deal fairly with all other interests. Honesty may be the best policy, but it is not the general rule of trade. It would be interesting to know the number of lives lost in tragical railroad disasters during the last quarter of a century, and how many persons have been held to an actual responsibility for them.

AN INCIDENT IN THE PUBLIC SERVICE.

THE kind of men which a partisan system of the civil service may sometimes displace—but which happily, in the instance that we quote, it has not yet disturbed—is shown by a recent incident. At the late annual meeting of the Royal Astronomical Society of England the gold medal for original research, which is highly valued by scientists throughout this country and Europe, was awarded to Mr. **GEORGE W. HILL**, of the Navy Department, for his treatise on the Lunar Theory—a subject which has interested scientific men for many years. This great honor is the proof that in the judgment of the most learned scholars Mr. **HILL**'s paper is of the highest character and value.

Mr. **HILL** is a clerk upon a very moderate salary in the office of the Nautical Almanac. He is, we believe, acknowledged to be the best mathematician in this country, and one of the first in the world. But not only is there no recognition by our government of the signal distinction of such accomplishment and ability, but there is no precedent for allowing a clerk in the public service leave of absence sufficiently long for him to go and receive in person the great honor offered to him as a foremost mathematician by one of the chief scientific societies in the world.

We have no reason to suppose that the matter has been brought to the attention of Secretary **WHITNEY**, and we allude to it to point out the sheer stupidity of a system which would exclude such a man from the public service by force of mere partisan pressure. Such experts, of course, are not so readily displaced as routine clerks, but the annals of the service show plenty of instances of the displacement of the fittest men by the dead weight of a partisan "pull." Every person in the public service has not the extraordinary fitness of Mr. **HILL**. But the reason for securing every fit officer in the discharge of his duties is as cogent as in the instance of Mr. **HILL**.

PERSONAL.

MR. **WINSLOW HOMER** has been visiting this city after an absence of several years. His bachelor home is on the Maine coast, in a retired spot, where he has built a house and surrounded himself with many a creature comfort. He prefers the country to the city, and feels that he paints better there. Next spring he will reappear at the National Academy Exhibition with a composition that recently delighted his friends of the Century Club. Mr. **HOMER** was fifty-one years old on the 24th of February, and the morning of that day he reserved for a visit to the A. T. **STEWART** collection, where he met many friends, and admired **FORTUNY**'s "Snake-Charmer" as the *chef-d'œuvre* of the collection.

—On the panel of the base of the granite drinking fountain at Stratford-on-Avon is the inscription: "The gift of an American citizen, Mr. **GEORGE WILLIAM CHILDS**, of Philadelphia, to the town of **SHAKESPEARE**, in the jubilee year of Queen **VICTORIA**." Mr. **CHILDS** does not know how much his gift will cost; he has simply ordered the bills to be sent to him, whatever they may amount to. We are glad to learn that Mr. **CHILDS** is at work in his office again, none the worse for his serious fall.

—Mr. **WALT WHITMAN** was the principal speaker at the last meeting of the Contemporary Club in Philadelphia, reading two of his poems, "The Mysterious Trumpeter" and "The Lament of the Bird for its Lost Mate"—the latter a boyish reminiscence read by the old man with deep feeling. Mr. **WHITMAN** is passing the winter in comfort, and with a fair degree of health.

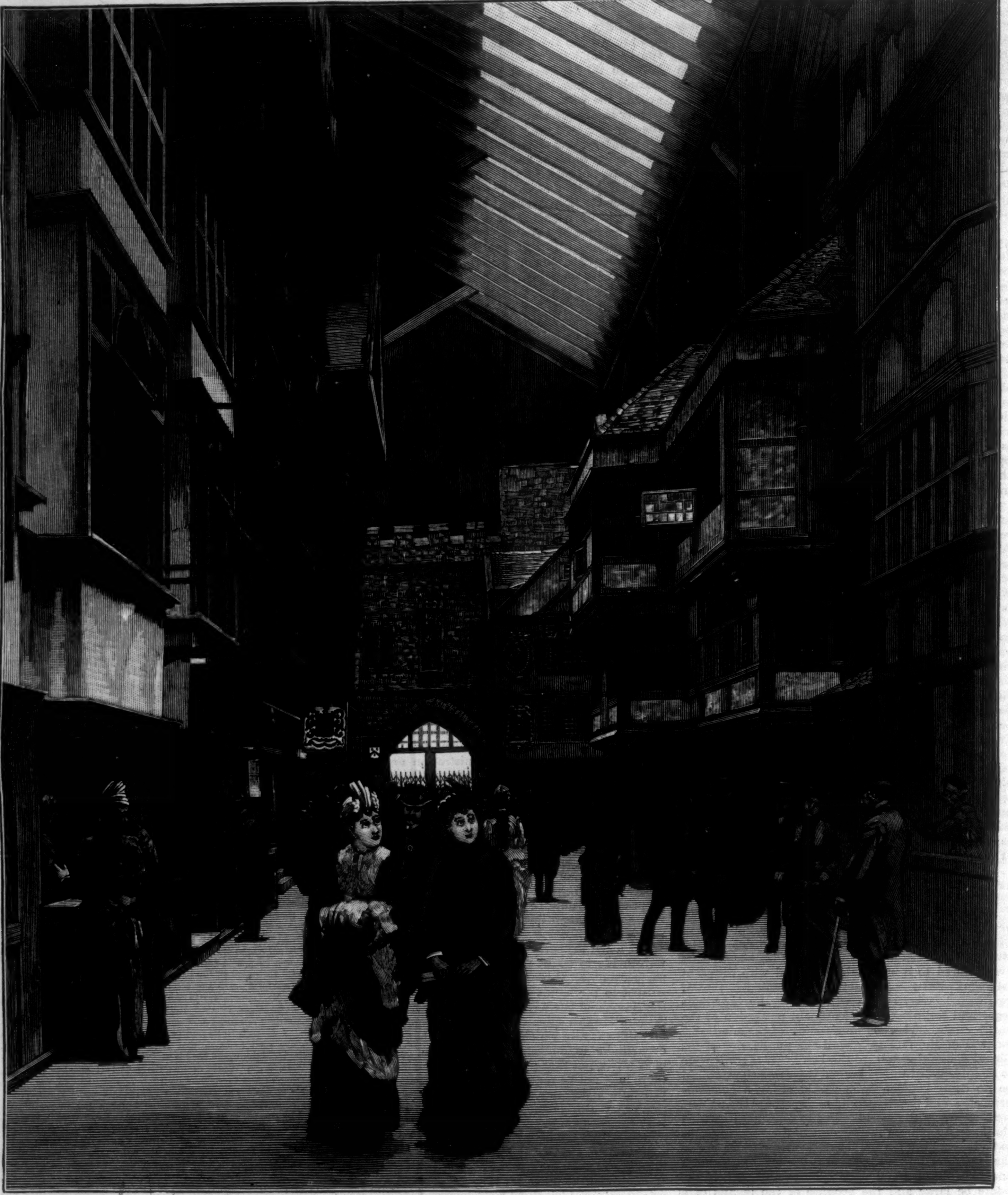
—Mr. W. T. **WALTERS**, of Baltimore, who for a quarter of a century has been interested in the importation of the Percheron horse, has issued a handsomely illustrated volume of gelatine plates, from photographs from life, showing some of the noblest of his animals. Mr. **WALTERS** still retains his belief in the Percheron variety as a draught-horse, and hopes by this book to commend it to strangers, as well as to increase the faith of the old friends of that useful beast.

—Two well-known artists went out into the suburbs to sketch crows. They saw a fine specimen in a cornfield, and after approaching him began to make a drawing from life. The nearer they got, the more they admired him. Presently they stole up to within ten feet, and reproduced even the tint of his toes. Wonderfully tame the bird seemed, until he suddenly turned out to be only the top of a burned stump.

—The French colony at Papéiti, the capital of the Tahiti Islands, took so warm an interest in the unveiling of the **BARTHOLDI** statue that the official newspaper printed long reports of the ceremonies, with a full translation of the Hon. **CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW**'s oration. The Governor of the islands, M. **LACASCADE**, is building new roads and improving the harbor. He proposes by next autumn to have Papéiti lighted by gas or electricity.

—A Japanese gentleman has just arrived in Boston for the purpose of studying the fisheries of New England, the manner of catching and curing fish, and the outfitting of the vessels which go to the Georges and Labrador.

—Professor S. A. **SAXMAN**, who had charge of the United States Government School at Loring, Alaska, was drowned last December in Clarence Straits, Southeastern Alaska. The straits are dangerous in winter, but the Professor set out to cross them in a canoe with two natives. A storm soon came on, and lasted several days. A search party found bits of the wrecked canoe, but no trace of its occupants. Professor **SAXMAN**'s widow is now in San Francisco. She expects to be appointed to the position that her husband filled, as she has had much experience in teaching.



AN OLD LONDON STREET.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY PACH BROTHERS.

BITS OF OLD LONDON.

Broadway is the most characteristic street of the American metropolis. Sundry styles of architecture greet the eye. Most of them are evidently dictated by the necessities of business or travel. But one, covering Nos. 728 and 730, is certainly a stranger to the soil—the paleozoic relic of some extinct generation. It has nothing in common with the bustling, anxious tides of life that sweep past its base. It is nothing less than a fac-simile of Bishopsgate, London, as it was over a hundred years ago, and as it had been for centuries before the Western world troubled the slumbers of **Christofero Colon**. The figure of **William**, first Norman Bishop of London, peers down in frozen dignity from its niche in the antique stone-work, and is flanked on one side by that of the good King **Alfred**, and on the other by that of his son-in-law **Ældred**, both in grim dubiety at the sight of crowds more thoughtful and resolute than any they were required to govern.

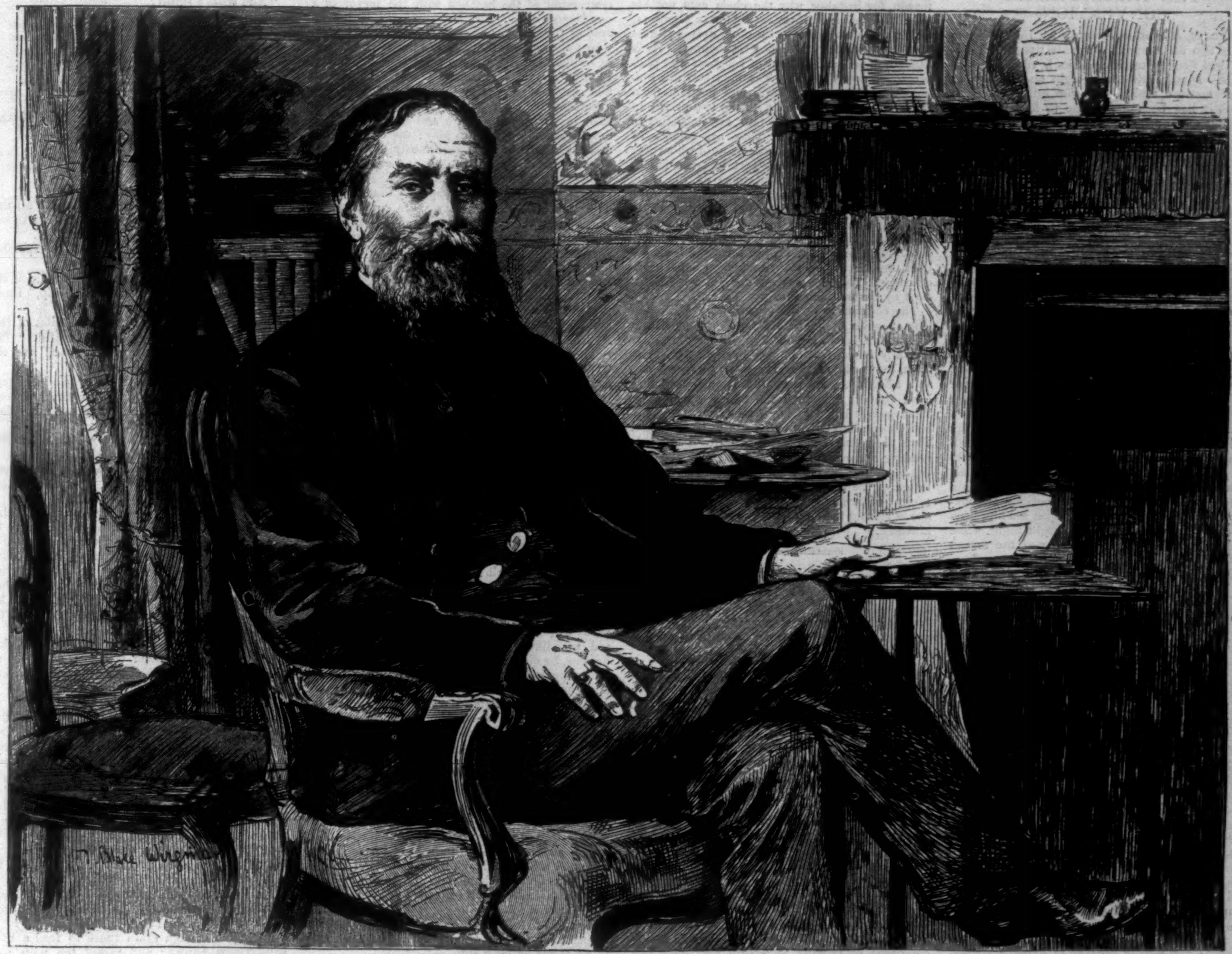
Behind this mysterious rampart is history—English history, American history, world history, but mainly London history—in congruous and striking bits. The odor of by-gone times is over the whole—exuding from the shops in which members of mediæval guilds apply the mysteries of their respective crafts, exhaling from the piers and waters of old London Bridge, and—not from the cobble-paved streets, for these have no heaps of festering garbage. The mansion of Sir **Paul Pindar**, with its charming exterior carvings and masses of floral design, ought to have the fragrance of sanctity. Works of philanthropy and patriotism like those of the grand old knight breathe an eternally grateful perfume. The smell is here notwithstanding—but not to stay. Nor does it come from the Old Cock Tavern, where stuttering **Charles Lamb** regales himself after his "going in late" and "coming out early" from the Old East India House. The appetizing fumes of Chinese roasted pig would be much more appropriate. It is more likely to emanate in force from this house of frowning gables in Butchers' Row, wherein **Catesby**, **Guy Fawkes**, and other old fogy conspirators hatch the Gunpowder Plot. "May they be hoist with their own petard!" is a perfectly natural objurgation. Even **Thomas Paine**, busily writing his famous work on *The Rights of Man* in a small room of the adjoining "Old Queen's Head," pauses long enough to grunt a gruff "Amen!" while burly Dr. **Johnson**, pounding the cobbles with his mighty cane, ponderously insists to **Oliver Goldsmith** and **Thomson** (him of the *Seasons*) that the rascal ought to be hung.

But what have we here? **Whittington**'s house—glittering with the shields of the twelve great London companies, to one of which the Lord Mayor must belong. **Whittington** has been Lord Mayor three—nay, four times. In that room he royally entertained **Henry** of Agincourt and his young bride, **Catharine** of France.

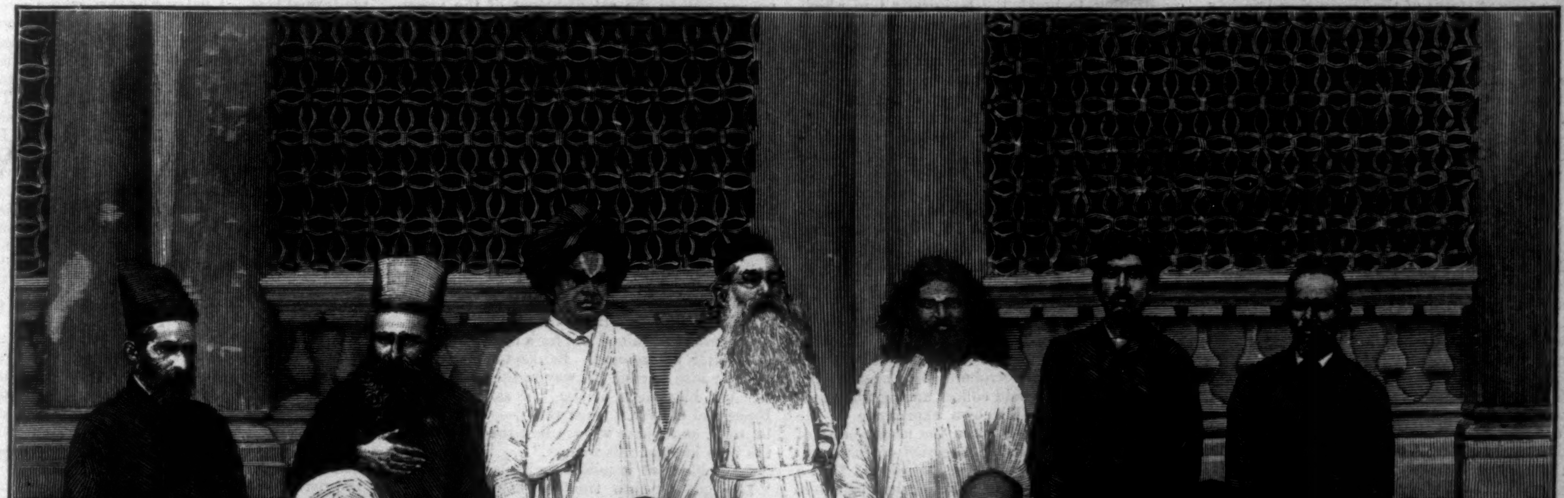
Shade of quaint **Isaak Walton**, the *Complete Angler!* The unimpassioned tones that murmur, like drone of bees, through overhanging windows are descanting on the philosophy of fishing. Grub Street—close by—would fain add a few of the fisherman's trout to the *menu* of its cheap eating-house. What a luxury to **Sam Johnson** after his tough beefsteak, to **John Fox** while roasting his martyrs, or to **John Milton** while meditating on *Paradise Lost*. That bottle of fine old sack, recovered from the rotten sawdust of the old Knights-Templar Cellar, and forgotten by **Simon Waddiloe**, mine host of the Devil Tavern, when he vacated that "antient hostelrie," would lend additional zest to the entertainment.

Here **Geoffrey Chaucer** and his "merrie" fellow-pilgrims are starting from the Tabard Inn to the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket; there **Shakespeare** and rare **Ben Jonson** are rollicking at the Falcon; yonder the chronicler **John Stow** is worshipping in the gloomy pile of St. Andrews Undershaft; and just above the East India House are pictured ships on the voyages which lay the foundations of England's commercial greatness. What memories of dumb despair, of Christ-like beneficence, of antiquarian research, of poetry, art, wit, humor, genius, religion, heroism, and sanguinary warfare are here. The home of glorious **Oliver Cromwell** is among them, with its stories of maternal influence, pure patriotism, and unflinching justice. Every house, down to the one on Wapping Old Stairs and the undubious Fish-pond House, is "encrusted as thickly with anecdotes, legends, and traditions as an old ship is with barnacles."

Richard Wheatley.



JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL IN HIS STUDY.—[SEE PAGE 167.]



A GROUP OF REPRESENTATIVE THEOSOPHISTS.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.—[SEE PAGE 166.]

THE THEOSOPHICAL CONVENTION.

Madras, *Hindostan, January* 24, 1887.—Seven years ago an American organization, the Theosophical Society, transferred its head-quarters to India. Disappearing from sight and thought as other matters rushed into the great American whirl, it has been a surprise to find by actual hearing and presence in its sessions within the last fortnight that this society now extends, by vigorous ramification, from Burmah to the western frontier of Hindostan, and from the Himalayan Mountains to the southernmost point of the island of Ceylon. Within this area it has 107 branch societies. Each is alive with a certain religious fervor, and they tend toward a revival of their ancestral learning. They have their weekly meetings; they have lectures and conversations; the members call each other "brother"; and a member of another branch who may be travelling and far from home is welcomed as one of a united fraternity. Once yearly they meet by delegation at the head-quarters of the theosophical movement. This is the meeting I have recently attended, and at which the picture accompanying this was taken.

In Europe, America, and the world entire there are 132 chartered branches. The head-quarters is a property owned by the whole, and comprises twenty-seven acres, on which are several large and suitable buildings, all picturesquely situated, in a suburb of the large city of Madras, in southern Hindostan. The Adiyar, by the side of their verandas, flows and reflows with the tide, into which the fishermen on their curious catamarans throw their nets, and the open sea murmurs by day and by the tropic moonlight night, while dashing its soft waves on the bar at the mouth of the Adiyar.

The Theosophical Society, which took birth in the impulse of a social evening in a private parlor in New York city, and excited considerable attention at the time, being a unique novelty, has three objects: to promote a feeling of universal brotherhood and religious tolerance among all races and conditions of mankind; to encourage the study of Oriental literatures, religions, etc.; and to discover occult science, or spirituality, and the laws uniting matter with mind, etc.—the brotherhood principle providing that within the conferences of the society all social and artificial castes are obliterated. Oriental peoples are naturally religious, and the Orientals of India are fond of metaphysics. Many of them have attained, by a university course in Calcutta or some other city of India, or abroad, the scholastic degrees of A.B., or A.M., or LL.D.; and to the more liberal-minded, the more intellectual, and more educated the Theosophical Society's aims and conditions are wholly congenial. The Society's firm establishment, cordial, comprehensive character, and zealous activity are owing to the truly American energy, tact, and perseverance of the well-known Colonel Henry S. Olcott, who tells me that he, for the New York *Tribune*, saw John Brown hanged; and who is here, as at home, a characteristic son of the fastest and finest country the eastern or the western sun ever shone on.

The present status of the Theosophical Society in India is seen at great advantage in the annual convention, which this year numbered 137 delegates. All are entertained at head-quarters, which may give an idea of its spaciousness. The majority of the delegates were of the highest castes in the land of long pedigrees. Many are professors in government colleges. The languages of British India being many, English is their only common tongue. The fraternization throughout the country, indicated in the picture given in this number, is unprecedented in history. Scarcely can it be appreciated in the distant and different West. How wonderful is it that priests and laymen of utterly separated and often acutely antagonistic sects form one close and loving group! That which Christians have long prayed for, but not achieved, appears in the picture, where the figure on the sofa, clad in white, is the Parsee priest Rustomjee Modi, of Bombay. Behind him stand two laymen of the same religion, which is that of the Fire-Worshippers, so called, as told of in musical rhythm and glowing imagery by the poet Tom Moore. Next to him sits with folded hands a Hindoo priest of Maisur (Mysore), in the interior of India. The sacred thread, the Brahmanical cord of symbolical meaning, which the Brahmans always wear, comes in sight below the drapings of his waist and shoulder. The horizontal lines of white painted upon his forehead show that the religion of his childhood, his fathers, and his ministry is that of Shiva. Shiva is one of the Hindoo trinity of chief gods. Behind him stands a tall pandit (learned man), Bhashya Charyar, of Cuddapah. He, also a Brahman, is one of the best scholars in Southern India. He was treated with great regard at the Convention. Whenever he was willing to speak, every other one was glad to keep silent. The next and middle figure is the founder, president of the society, Colonel Olcott, and of all of the Western stock in India he is the favorite with the natives, and as an individual is the most widely known by the Oriental peoples in a personal and conversational way. The branch societies invite him for lectures in their towns and region, and months of every year he is travelling—urging them to find out by clear-headed study what there is in their ancient religions that is worth living up to, and to live up to it; and what there is in their own lore to be proud of, and not be ashamed of it. He has revived their self-respect after centuries of submission, and they hail him as a guru (great teacher). The Parsees printed for free distribution twenty thousand copies of his lecture on their religion—Zoroastrianism and fire-worship. Next to Colonel Olcott stands a young Brahman, who is a "chela," which means a student. These terms belong to Oriental systems, and could only be properly defined by a treatise of several pages. There is a reason, for instance, why the chela cuts not his hair. His name is Bhavani Shankar Ganesha, and in a pleasant colloquy the other evening he set me forth his ideas in the clearest manner. He is liberal-minded, and is fond of religious and philosophical investigation. The next two are Singhalese gentlemen of wealth and position from the island of Ceylon, who, with the two priests in front of them holding the fans, are delegates to the annual convention. They are monks of Buddha—mendicant devotees—none of whom ever goes in public without this sort of large fan to shield him from the temptations of the way, chiefly the face of woman. They sit with eyes toward the floor, and the face of the elder would well compare with any refined, high-souled, and cultivated professor or clergyman in New England. The pillars and open-work wall at the back belong to the main building of the head-quarters. The scene is out-door, and is brightened by the morning sun.

The co-founder of the organization, a Russian lady, now in Belgium, Helen Petrovna Hahn Blavatsky, is daily mentioned by the fraternity formally in convention, also in their conversations, in words of the greatest respect, esteem, and affection. Most of the Hindoo branches have schools in which the Sanscrit is taught. That ancient language is the East Indian academical classic, like Greek and Latin in our colleges. Thus the young, far western America is not only sending her alarm-clocks to waken the slumbering East, but she is also assisting in the resuscitation of the mother of all Aryan speech, in the revival of Oriental learning, and, better than all, she is raising the long bowed heads of our Aryan kinsmen.

Anna Ballard.

The Crusade of the "Excelsior."*

By BRET HARTE.

CHAPTER IX.

An hour after mass, Father Esteban had quietly installed Hurlstone in a small cell-like apartment off the refectory. The household of the priest consisted of an old Indian woman of fabulous age and miraculous propriety, two Indian boys who served at mass, a gardener, and muleteer. The first three, who were immediately in attendance upon the priest, were cognizant of a stranger's presence, but, under instructions from the reverend Padre, were loyally and superstitiously silent; the avocations of the gardener and muleteer made any intrusion from them impossible. A breakfast of fruit, tortillas, chocolate, and red wine, of which Hurlstone partook sparingly, and only to please his entertainer, nevertheless seemed to restore his strength, as it did the Padre's equanimity. For the old man had been somewhat agitated during mass, and, except that his early morning congregation was mainly composed of Indians, muleteers, and small venders, his abstraction would have been noticed. With ready tact he had not attempted, by further questioning, to break the taciturnity into which Hurlstone had relapsed after his emotional confession and the priest's abrupt half-absolution. Was it possible he regretted his confidence, or was it possible that his first free and untrammelled expression of his wrongs had left him with a haunting doubt of their real magnitude?

"Lie down here, my son," said the old ecclesiastic, pointing to a small pallet in the corner, "and try to restore in the morning what you have taken from the night. Manuela will bring your clothes when they are dried and mended; meantime, shift for yourself in Pepito's serape and calzas. I will betake me to the Comandante and the Alcalde to learn the dispositions of your party, when the ship will sail, and if your absence is suspected. Peace be with you, son! Manuela, attend to the caballero, and see you chatter not."

Without doubting the substantial truth of his guest's story, the good Padre Esteban was not unwilling to have it corroborated by such details as he thought he could collect among the *Excelsior's* passengers. His own experience in the confessional had taught him the unreliability of human evidence, and the vagaries of both conscientious and unconscious suppression. That a young, good-looking, and accomplished caballero should have been the victim of not one but even many erotic episodes did not strike the holy father as being peculiar; but that he should have been brought by a solitary unfortunate attachment to despair and renunciation of the world appeared to him marvellous. He was not unfamiliar with the remorse of certain gallants for peccadilloes with other men's wives; but this Americano's self-abasement for the sins of his own wife—as he foolishly claimed her to be—whom he hated and despised, struck Father Esteban as a miracle open to suspicion. Was there anything else in these somewhat commonplace details of vulgar and low intrigue than what he had told the priest? Were all these Americano husbands as sensitive and as gloomily self-sacrificing and expiating? It did not appear so from the manners and customs of the others—from those easy matrons whose complaisant husbands had abandoned them to the long companionship of youthful cavaliers on adventurous voyages; from those audacious virgins who had the freedom of married women! Surely this was not a pious and sensitive race, passionately devoted to their domestic affections! The young stranger must be either deceiving him—or an exception to his countrymen.

And if he was that exception—what then? An idea which had sprung up in Father Esteban's fancy that morning now took possession of him with the tenacity of a growth on fertile virgin soil. The good father had been devoted to the conversion of the heathen with the fervor of a one-ideaed man. But his successes had been among the Indians—a guileless, harmless race, who too often confounded the practical benefits of civilization with the abstract blessings of the Church, and their instruction had been simple and coercive. There had been no necessity for argument or controversy; the worthy priest's skill in polemical warfare and disputation had never been brought into play; the Comandante and Alcalde were as punctiliously orthodox as himself, and the small traders and artisans were hopelessly docile and submissive. The march of science, which had been stopped by the local fogs of Todos Santos some fifty years, had not disturbed the simple Æsculapius of the province with heterodox theories: he still purged and bled like Sangrado, and met the priest at the death-bed of his victims with a pious satisfaction that had no trace of skeptical contention. In fact, the gentle Mission of Todos Santos had hitherto presented no field for the good father's exalted ambition, nor the display of his powers as a zealot. And here was a splendid opportunity.

The conversion of this dark, impulsive, hysterical stranger would be a gain to the fold, and a triumph worthy of his steel. More than that, if he had judged correctly of this young man's mind and temperament, they seemed to contain those elements of courage and sacrificial devotion that indicated the missionary priesthood. With such a subaltern, what might not he, Father Esteban, accomplish! Looking further into the future, what a glorious successor might be left to his unfinished work on Todos Santos!

Buried in these reflections, Padre Esteban sauntered leisurely up the garden that gradually ascended the slight elevation on which the greater part of the pueblo was built. Through a low gateway in the wall he passed on to the crest of the one straggling street of Todos Santos. On either side of him were ranged the low one-storied, deep-windowed adobe fondas and artisans' dwellings, with low-pitched roofs of dull red pipe-like tiles. Absorbed in his fanciful dreams, he did not at first notice that those dwellings appeared deserted, and that even the posada opposite him, whose court-yard was usually filled with lounging muleteers, was empty and abandoned. Looking down the street toward the plaza, he became presently aware of some undefined stirring in the peaceful hamlet. There was an unusual throng in the square, and afar on that placid surface of the bay from which the fog had lifted the two or three fishing-boats of Todos Santos were vaguely pulling. But the strange ship was gone.

A feeling of intense relief and satisfaction followed. Father Esteban pulled out his snuff-box and took a long and complacent pinch. But his relief was quickly changed to consternation as an armed cavalcade rapidly wheeled out of the plaza and cantered toward him, with the unmistakable spectacle of the male passengers of the *Excelsior* riding two and two, and guarded by double files of dragoons on each side.

At a sign from the priest, the subaltern reined in his mustang, halted the convoy, and saluted respectfully, to the astonishment of the prisoners. The clerical authority of Todos Santos evidently dominated the military. A feeling of hope sprang up in the hearts of the *Excelsior* party.

"What have we here?" asked Padre Esteban.

"A revolution, your reverence, among the Americanos, with robbery of the Presidio saluting-gun. A grave affair. Your reverence has been sent for by the Comandante. I am taking these men to San Antonio to await the decision of the Council."

"And the ship?"

"Gone, your reverence. The revolutionary party has captured it."

"And those?"

"Are the Legitimists, your reverence; they have confessed to have warred with Mexico, and invaded California—the brigands!"

The priest remained lost for a moment in blank and bitter amazement. Banks took advantage of the pause to edge his way to the front.

"Ask him, some of you," he said, turning to Brace and Crosby, "when this d——d farce will be over, and where we can find the head man—the boss idiot of this foolery."

"Let him put it milder," whispered Winslow. "You got us into trouble enough with your tongue already."

Crosby hesitated a moment: "*Quand finira ce drôle représentation?—et—et—qui est ce qui est l'entrepreneur?*" he said, dubiously.

The priest stared. These Americans were surely cooler and less excitable than his strange guest. A thought struck him. "How many are still in the ship?" he asked, gently.

"Nobody but Perkins and that piratical crew of niggers."

"And that infernal Hurlstone?" added Winslow.

The priest pricked up his ears. "Hurlstone?" he repeated.

"Yes—a passenger like ourselves, as we supposed. But we are satisfied now he was in the conspiracy from the beginning," translated Crosby, painfully.

"Look at his strange disappearance!—a regular put-up job," broke in Brace in English, without reference to the Padre's not comprehending him; "so that he and Perkins could shut themselves up together without suspicion."

"Never mind Hurlstone now; he's *gone*, and we're *here*," said Banks, angrily. "Ask the parson, as a gentleman and a Christian, what sort of a hole we've got into, anyhow. How far is the next settlement?"

Crosby put the question. The subaltern lit a cigarette.

"There is no next settlement. The pueblo ends at San Antonio."

"And what's beyond that?"

"The ocean."

"And what's south?"

"The desert—one cannot pass it."

"And north?"

"The desert."

"And east?"

"The desert too."

"Then how do you get away from here?"

"We do not get away."

"And how do you communicate with Mexico—with your government?"

"When a ship comes."

"And when does a ship come?"

"Quien sabe?"

The officer threw away his cigarette.

"I say, you'll tell the Commander that all this is illegal, and that I'm going to complain to our government," continued Banks, hurriedly.

"I go to speak to the Comandante," responded the priest, gravely.

"And tell him that if he touches a hair of the ladies' heads we'll have his own scalp," interrupted Brace, impetuously.

Even Crosby's diplomatic modification of this speech did not appear entirely successful. "The Mexican soldier wars not with women," said the priest, coldly. "Adieu, messieurs!"

The cavalcade moved on. The *Excelsior* passengers at once resumed their chorus of complaint, tirade, and aggressive suggestion, heedless of the soldiers who rode stolidly on each side.

"To think we haven't got a single revolver among us!" said Brace, despairingly.

"We might each grab a carbine from these nigger fellows," said Crosby, eying them contemplatively.

"And if they didn't burst, and we weren't shot by the next patrol, and if we'd calculated to be mean enough to run away from the women—where would we escape to?" asked Banks, curtly. "Hold on at least until we get an ultimatum from that commodious ass at the Presidio. Then we'll anticipate the fool-killer, if you like. My opinion is, they aren't in any great hurry to try *anything* on us just yet."

"And I say, lay low and keep dark until they show their hand," added Winslow, who had no relish for an indiscriminate scrimmage, and had his own ideas of placating their captors.

Nevertheless, by degrees they fell into a silence, partly the effect of the strangely enervating air. The fog had completely risen from the landscape, and hung high in mid-air, through which an intense sun, shorn of its fierceness, diffused a lambent warmth and a yellowish unctuous light, as if it had passed through amber. The bay gleamed clearly and distinctly; not a shadow flecked its surface to the gray impenetrable rampart of fog that stretched like a granite wall before its entrance. On one side of the narrow road billows of monstrous grain undulated to the crest of the low hills, that looked like larger undulations of the soil, furrowed by bosky cañadas or shining arroyos. Banks was startled into a burst of professional admiration:

"There's enough grain there to feed a thousand Todos Santos; and raised, too, with tools like that," he continued, pointing to a primitive plough that lay on the way-side, formed by a single forked root. A passing ox-cart, whose creaking wheels were made of a solid circle of wood, apparently sawn from an ordinary log, again plunged him into cogitation. Here and there little areas of the rudest cultivation broke into a luxuriousness of orange, lime, and fig trees. The joyous earth, at the slightest provocation, seemed to smile and dimple with fruit and flowers. Everywhere the rare beatitudes of Todos Santos revealed and repeated its simple story. The fructifying influence of earth and sky, the intervention of a vaporous veil between a fiery sun and fiery soil, the combination of heat and moisture, purified of feverish exhalations and made sweet and wholesome by the saline breath of the mighty sea, had been the beneficent legacy of their isolation, the munificent compensation of their oblivion.

A gradual and gentle ascent at the end of [illegible] hours brought the cavalcade to a halt upon [illegible]ged upland with semi-tropical shrubbery, and [illegible] and there larger trees from the tierra templada, in the evergreens or madroño. A few low huts and corrals and a rambling hacienda were scattered along the crest, and in the midst arose a little votive chapel, flanked by pear-trees. Near the road-side were the crumbling edges of some long-forgotten excavation. Crosby gazed at it curiously. Touching the arm of the officer, he pointed to it.

"Una mina de plata," said the officer, sententiously.

"A mine of some kind—silver, I bet!" said Crosby, turning to the others. "Is it good—bueno—you know?" he continued to the officer, with vague gesticulations.

"En tiempos pasados," returned the officer, gravely.

"I wonder what in thunder that means?" said Winslow; but before Crosby could question further, the subaltern signalled to them to dismount. They did so, and their horses were led away to a little declivity, whence came the sound of running water. Left to themselves, the Americans looked around them. The cavalcade seemed to have halted near the edge of a precipitous ridge, the evident termination of the road. But the view that here met their eyes was unexpected and startling.

The plateau on which they stood seemed to drop suddenly away, leaving them on the rocky shore of a monotonous and far-stretching sea of waste and glittering sand. Not a vestige nor trace of vegetation could be seen except an occasional ridge of straggling pallid bushes, raised in hideous simulation of the broken crest of a ghostly wave. On either side, as far as the eye could reach, the hollow, empty vision extended—the interminable desert stretched and panted before them.

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1568.

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"It's the jumping-off place, I reckon," said Crosby, "and they've brought us here to show us how small is our chance of getting away. But," he added, turning toward the plateau again, "what are they doing now? 'Pon my soul! I believe they're going off—and leaving us!"

The others turned as he spoke. It was true. The dragoons were coolly galloping off the way they came, taking with them the horses the Americans had just ridden.

"I call that cool," said Crosby. "It looks deuced like as if we were to be left here to graze, like cattle."

"Perhaps that's their idea of a prison in this country," said Banks; "there's certainly no chance of our breaking jail in that direction," he added, pointing to the desert, "and we can't follow them without horses."

"And I dare say they've guarded the pass in the road lower down," said Winslow.

"We ought to be able to hold our own here until night," said Brace, "and then make a dash into Todos Santos, get hold of some arms, and join the ladies."

"The women are all right," said Crosby, impatiently, "and are better treated than if we were with them. Suppose, instead of maundering over them, we reconnoitre and see what *we* can do here. I'm getting devilishly hungry; they can't mean to starve us; and if they do, I don't intend to be starved as long as there is anything to be had by buying or stealing. Come along. There's sure to be fruit near that old chapel, and I saw some chickens in the bush near those huts. First, let's see if there is any one about. I don't see a soul."

The little plateau, indeed, seemed deserted. In vain they shouted; their voices were lost in the echoless air. They examined one by one the few thatched huts—they were open; contained one or two rude articles of furniture—a bed, a bench, and table—were scrupulously clean—and empty. They next inspected the chapel; it was tawdry and barbaric in ornament, but the candlesticks and crucifix and the basin for holy-water were of heavily beaten silver. The same thought crossed their minds—the abandoned mine at the road-side.

Bananas, oranges, and prickly-pears growing within the cactus hedge of the chapel partly mollified their thirst and hunger, and they turned their steps toward the long, rambling, barrack-looking building, with its low windows and red-tiled roof, which they had first noticed. Here, too, the building was deserted and abandoned; but there was evidence of some previous and more ambitious preparation: in a long dormitory off the corridor a number of scrupulously clean beds were ranged against the whitewashed walls, with spotless benches and tables. To the complete astonishment and bewilderment of the party, another room, fitted up as a kitchen, with the simpler appliances of house-keeping, revealed a larder filled with provisions and meal. A shout from Winslow, who had penetrated the inner court-yard, however, drew them to a more remarkable spectacle. Their luggage and effects from the cabins of the *Excelsior* were there, carefully piled in the antique ox-cart that had evidently that morning brought them from Todos Santos.

"There's no mistake," said Brace, with a relieved look, after a hurried survey of the trunks. "They have only brought ours. The ladies have evidently had the opportunity of selecting their own things."

"Crosby told you they'd be all right," said Banks; "and as for ourselves, I don't see why we can't be pretty comfortable here, and all the better for our being alone. I shall take an opportunity of looking around a bit. It strikes me that there are some resources in this country that might pay to develop."

"And I shall have a look at that played-out mine," said Crosby; "if it's been worked as they work the land, they've left about as much in it as they've taken out."

"That's all well enough," said Brace, drawing a dull vermilion-colored stone from his pocket; "but here's something I picked up just now that ain't 'played out,' nor even the value of it suspected by those fellows. That's cinnabar—quicksilver ore—and a big per cent. of it, too; and if there's as much of it here as the indications show, you could buy up all your *silver* mines in the country with it."

"If I were you, I'd put up a notice on a post somewhere, as they do in California, and claim discovery," said Banks, seriously. "There's no knowing how this thing may end. We may not get away from here for some time yet, and if the government will sell the place cheap, it wouldn't be a bad spec to buy it. Form a kind of 'Excelsior Company' among ourselves, you know, and go shares."

The four men looked earnestly at each other. Already the lost *Excelsior* and her mutinous crew were forgotten; even the incidents of the morning—their arrest, the uncertainty of their fate, and the fact that they were in the hands of a hostile community—appeared but as trivial preliminaries to the new life that opened before them. They suddenly became graver than they had ever been, even in the moment of peril.

"I don't see why we shouldn't," said Brace, quickly. "We started out to do that sort of thing in California, and I reckon if we'd found such a spot as this on the Sacramento or American River we'd have been content. We can take turns at house-keeping, prospect a little, and enter into negotiations with the government. I'm for offering them a fair sum for this ridge and all it contains at once."

"The only thing against that," said Crosby, slowly, "is the probability that it is already devoted to some other use by the government. Ever since we've been here I've been thinking—I don't know why—that we've been put in a sort of quarantine. The desertion of the place, the half-hospital arrangements of this building, and the means they have taken to isolate us from themselves must mean something. I've read somewhere that in these out-of-the-way spots in the tropics they have a place where they put the fellows with malarious or contagious diseases. I don't want to frighten you, boys; but I've an idea we're in a sort of lazaretto, and the people outside won't trouble us often."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Peter Paul Rubens was not only a great painter, he was also an accomplished man of affairs and a skilful diplomatist. He went as ambassador both to England and Spain, and one day in England, as he was painting in his studio, "certain people of importance" arrived, and as the artist received them, with dignity, they said to him, politely, "So his Excellency the Ambassador plays at painting." Rubens replied, pleasantly, "No; his Excellency the Painter plays at diplomacy." The biographer of Rubens says that "he possessed an extraordinary memory, and understood the ancient and several modern languages, writing and speaking them with fluency. His familiar acquaintance with ancient and modern literature had enriched his mind with inexhaustible resources."

These words concerning a famous artist more than two centuries ago are naturally recalled when we speak of one of the chief of living poets, scholars, and wits, who has recently returned from distinguished service as the representative of his country in Spain and England. As Rubens was received upon his embassy with the greatest honor, not for his office only, but for himself, and for that reason was able to be of signal and peculiar benefit to his country, the appointment as Minister to two foreign countries of an American already famous in other fields was in itself an honor to the mother country, and a special proof of good-will. Goethe's exhortation to the connoisseur in his gallery, "Show me the best," is a wise maxim to remember in the conduct of international relations. The government which sends its best citizens to represent it gives an unmistakable earnest of amity. They at least are not, in Wotton's humorous phrase, "honest men sent to lie abroad for the commonwealth." Their function, on the contrary, is to tell the truth as it could not otherwise be told. These and such as these are my children, says America, when she sends them, and their very presence abroad dignifies and enhances the maternal name. The service to the colonial cause in the Revolution arising from the residence of Franklin in France as the American representative cannot be overestimated; and when Europe saw John Adams and John Jay, she might readily have comprehended Lord Chatham's commendation of the Continental Congress. Measures, not men, is a political phrase which is very intelligible. But we need not forget that it is men who propose measures and enforce them.

In Mr. Lowell, whose genius had already added in the *Biglow Papers* a new strain to the literature of the English language, and who had proved that among profound and comprehensive students of that literature there was no finer and subtler critic, England saw the independent American growth and development of the common race. Such Americans constantly remind the mother country of the fact that we are of age. In their works it sees that our literature is no longer tested by comparison or by circumstance, but holds its own ground, and maintains itself by essential excellence, precisely like English, or French, or German, or Italian literature. It is no longer commended as very good for America, in the sense of Dr. Johnson's savage gibe, "Sir, a woman preaching is like a dog's walking on his hind-legs; it is not done well, but you are surprised to find it done at all." American authors are not now classified as the American Pope, or Goldsmith, or Campbell. It is not very many years since Mrs. Sigourney was called, with a certain smug complacency, "the American Mrs. Hemans," as if that phrase secured beyond question her seat upon Parnassus, instead of condemning the good lady as a prey to dumb forgetfulness. American independence has been achieved all along the line, and Mr. Lowell is one of the chiefs among those who achieved it.

At one end of the old town of Concord, in Massachusetts, is the famous bridge where the first organized armed resistance was made to British aggression in the colonies, and where at the word of command the embattled farmers "fired the shot heard round the world." It was the beginning of the war that ended in our political independence. At the other end of the village is the house of Mr. Emerson, whose serene genius was one of the active forces which secured our intellectual and literary independence. Professor Richardson, in the recent volume of his *History of American Literature*, says truly that Washington Irving first gave us a literary reputation abroad. But it was the remarkable body of poets, historians, essayists, philosophers, and orators of the generation which has just passed that established American literature.

Mr. Lowell's position in this historic and memorable company is definite and probably assured. With Emerson he is the poet of the highest thought of New England, and especially of the new and characteristic humor of the English stock as ripened by two and a half centuries of growth in American soil. There is nothing more distinctively and essentially American than the *Biglow Papers*, not only in the inimitable form which at once makes the Yankee dialect classic, but in the sturdy rectitude of tone. The poems of Hosea Biglow are the finest illustration of Yankee humor—a humor which is wholly missed in such parodies as "Jack Downing" and "Sam Slick," in which the fun is superficial, and constantly suggestive of vulgar cunning. The Yankee is descended from the Puritan, and the humor which is secreted in the modern offspring of the stern old Ironsides is not distinctively a hard smartness, as usually represented. It partakes of the moral earnestness of its Puritan progenitor, and wings and tips a shaft of wholesome satire. The great Puritan struggle in England was not a more serious and tremendous controversy than that from which the *Biglow Papers* sprang. The Mexican war, indeed, which furnished the occasion for the first series, was comparatively unimportant. But the second series treated a war which, arising from the same cause, held the life of a nation in suspense for four bloody and exhausting years. Through all the incisive shrewdness and humorous turn of those poems, how steadfast is the uncompromising moral tone; not rough and ugly and sanctimonious, but resolute as conscience and the higher law! The second series of *The Biglow Papers* contains the most significant expression of the exaltation of mind which sustained the war upon the Union side. But the first series is better known, and fairly overflows with exuberant humor as a basket of grapes in the vintage drips with rich exudation from its own fulness and pressure. It is in the highest sense an original work, and it is probably the most characteristic expression of the poet's genius.

The opulence of Lowell's mind is remarkable. But the extent and variety of his familiarity with literature merely enrich without overweighting his own literary work. The wealth of his resources does not obstruct his course—like sands of gold, which do not obscure, but only adorn the clear and deep current of a river. His prose is simple, sinewy, and felicitous, but so charged with thought and illustration and suggestion that it solicits the reader to loiter, that he may enjoy as in a wood, where the flowers, and the shade of the trees, and the song of birds, and the murmur of streams invisible, charm every sense and stay the eager foot. Lowell's paper on Gray, last summer, in the *Princeton Review*, is a delightful illustration of the sympathetic criticism which brings out the author as heat reveals unsuspected writing. He talks of books with the same keen insight and profuse knowledge that distinguished Agassiz's talk upon his favorite scientific topics. In both men the same indescribable freshness, the same suggestiveness, the same sweet humor, show a rare mind in its highest play.

Of the famous circle of men to which we have referred, Lowell, Whittier, and Holmes are the latest survivors. While their works, as we have said, fairly established our literary independence and maturity, the authors have not only personally illustrated those qualities, but they have reversed the familiar literary traditions of the waywardness of genius, so that our greatest and most distinctive authors have been men of the noblest and most regular lives. A certain cosmopolitan spirit is native to them—the spirit which leads them to feel, as Goldwin Smith said, "above all nations is humanity." But this generous sympathy and appreciation does not affect their local pride and attachments. There have been no truer Americans than the leaders of our literature, while none have been more free from the provincial narrowness and jealousy of the mother country, which is well described as "bumptious." The American sensitiveness which winced under the superficial and insolent strictures of Fiedler and Trollope and Basil Hall, and which resented them in much the same strain as in some of Paulding's retorts, revealed a half-consciousness of inferiority, or certainly a total want of the equanimity which cannot be disturbed by innuendoes or sneers because of its just self-knowledge. 'Tis sixty years since, and that sensitiveness has disappeared as our literary power has developed.

No Englishman ever observed the Englishman in America so shrewdly or criticised him so acutely as Emerson and Hawthorne observed and criticised the Englishman in England, and no American at home ever expounded the democratic principle to a sympathetic crowd of "fellow-sovereigns" more profoundly and clearly and conclusively, or with more exquisite tact, than Mr. Lowell presented it to Englishmen, while he proved in his own person that a country founded upon that principle and socially permeated by it could produce a gentleman as finished and refined as the traditions of the most exclusive aristocracy. He was his own illustration, and himself emphasized and established his text. It was evident during his official residence in England that no voice was more welcome than his, not because it echoed and mimicked the English tone, but, on the contrary, because of its charm of likeness in unlikeness. It disclosed the difference which circumstances may develop in the same original stock, and touched the most cultivated English taste with a freshness of thought and a raciness of expression which could not be easily matched by any living Englishman. That Mr. Lowell should like England is as natural as that a flowering plant should like the sun. London is unquestionably the social centre of the world. Paris holds a certain primacy of fashion. But for an American of the highest intellectual accomplishment there is no such focus of various brilliancy as London. Sir Philip Sidney wrote to his younger brother, who was upon his travels, that he should go to any good wars that he heard of. In the same way the instinct of a scholar, of a statesman, of an artist, is to seek a kindred society, and in the contest of wits "to drink delight of battle with his peers." Irving, Prescott, Ticknor, Everett, Bancroft, Longfellow, Hawthorne, Motley, Lowell, Holmes, whose ancestors were Englishmen three centuries ago, who speak the English language, who have enriched English literature, who have been bred in English political traditions, and who by their genius and works have added to the lustre of the English name, repair to what Hawthorne called "Our old Home," as Christian pilgrims take their way to Palestine. They are not so volatile as to suppose that a man can cut himself clear from his past or divest himself of his ancestors, and they gladly own the debt which any descendant of the English race owes to its great men and traditions.

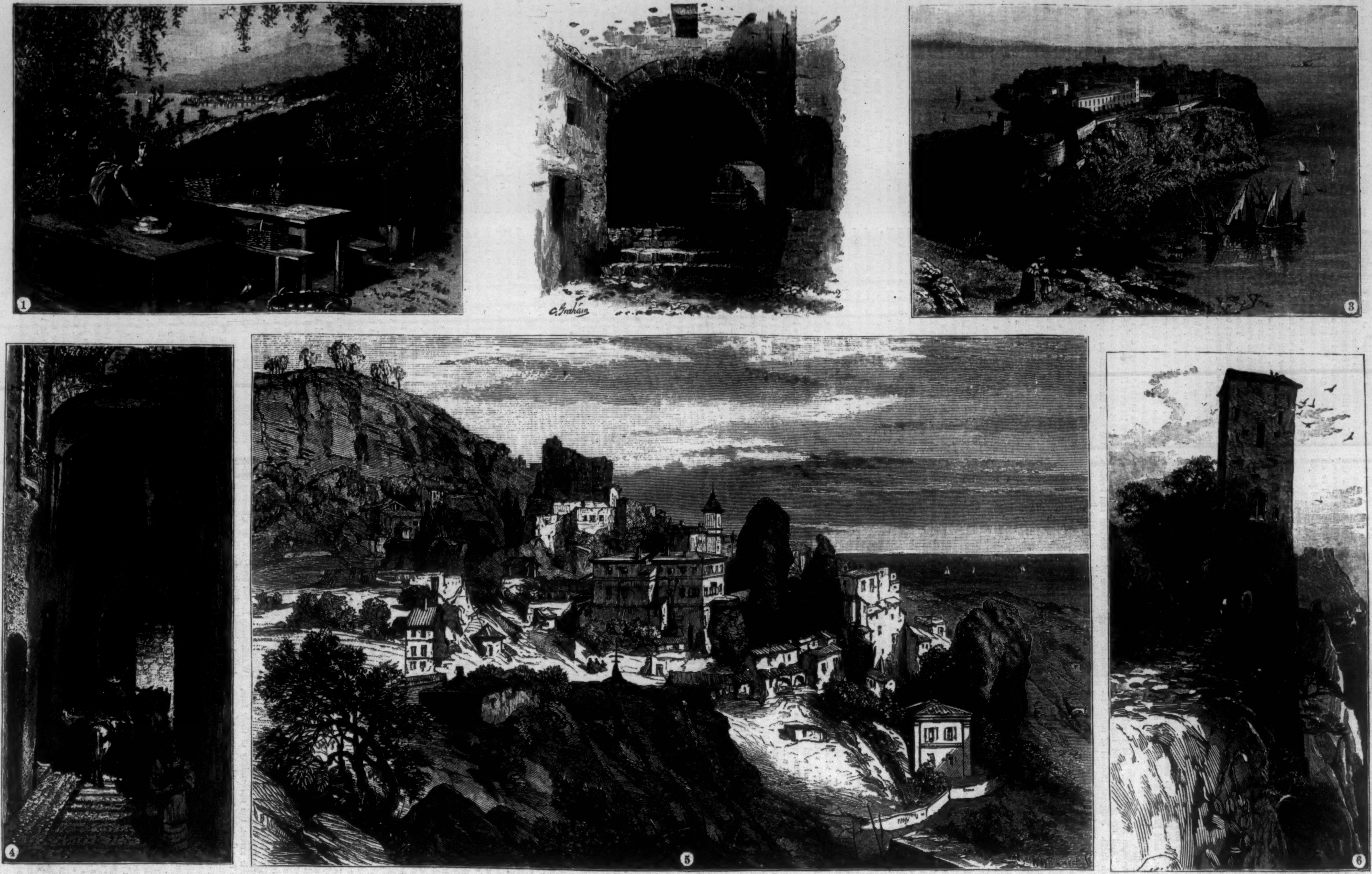
Lowell was just of age when the "transcendental" movement affected New England thought and scholarship and life. Mr. Emerson was its most conspicuous representative, and his home in Concord was but a few miles distant from the homes of Lowell and Longfellow in Cambridge. But both the poets, although characteristic New-Englanders, and students of the German literature and of Coleridge, from whom, as much as from any individual, "transcendentalism" received its impulse, were never included within the charmed circle of "the newness."

But more positively than either Hawthorne or Longfellow, Lowell was touched by the antislavery agitation. Longfellow, indeed, was always "sound" in the New England verse upon that subject, and his antislavery poems are very characteristic illustrations of a feeling which his intimate friendship with Charles Sumner constantly deepened and strengthened. Hawthorne, on the contrary, even after *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was published, and the political sky was blackly overcast, could see no topic for the imaginative story-teller in the unshadowed uniformity of American life. But Lowell for a time was an active correspondent of the *Standard*, the organ of the American Antislavery Society, and some of his most familiar and popular lines are drawn from his antislavery poems. It was the same deep interest in the antislavery movement which inspired what we have already called Lowell's most characteristic and original work, the *Biglow Papers*.

We use the superlative not to lower the rank of his other verse. He is essentially a lyrical poet, a singer of lofty, thoughtful moods, and although Hosea Biglow is not his own name, it is still only a name which the poet writes under his own sincerest convictions and emotions. Browning is so essentially dramatic that in all his many volumes the man himself is wholly hidden except in one poem, where he confessedly and purposely appears. But Lowell has not the dramatic quality. He speaks in his own person, and his own spiritual experience and progress may be traced in his verse from the earliest volumes to his latest song. The poet's temperament is in the true sense essentially conservative. It does not embrace the new theory because it is new, but instinctively challenges it to prove that it is a spirit of health and not a goblin damned, and the song of the cavalier catches his fascinated ear more caressingly than the cry of the iconoclast. Lowell's discourse upon Democracy is the most persuasive plea for its own overthrow that ever Privilege heard, because it is a statement of the truth of things, involving no break or wrench, but the sure and aspiring development, not revolution, which is the aim of all true conservatism. Mere reaction or stagnation is no more truly conservatism than mere change is progress and reform, and the rapt religious fervor which carves the statue of the Madonna is as humane and hopeful as the impulse which shatters it into fragments. This conservative temperament is shown also in the recent Harvard address when the orator exposes the obverse of the glittering medal of democracy in what he calls "a dreary catalogue" of the present tendencies of our condition. He has laid the moral of "ancient lights" to heart. The wise conservative Mentor reminds the eager youth whose impatient feet burn for the newer way, not necessarily to avoid it, but to remember that "only those languages can properly be called dead in which nothing living has been written." These are the counsels of ripened wisdom. He who utters them is one of the most justly distinguished of Americans. In his literary and public career, in his personal life and influence, he belongs to those—turning his own quotation upon himself—

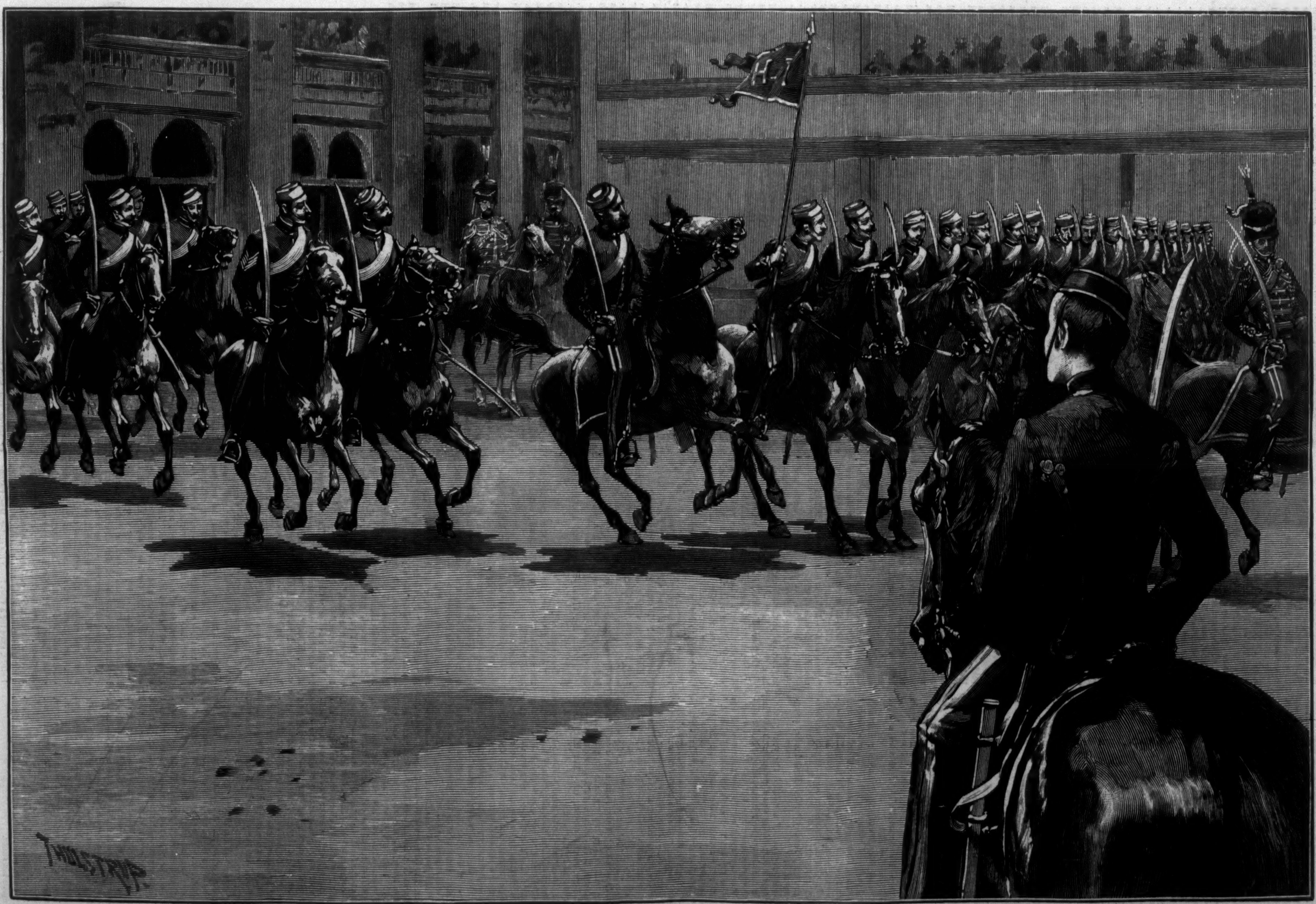
> "Queis arte benigna,
> Et meliore luto finxit præcordia Titan."

Mr. Lowell was born in 1819, and graduated at Cambridge in 1838. He was admitted to the bar in 1840, and in 1841 his literary career began by the publication of his first volume of poems, *A Year's Life*. In 1843 he began the *Pioneer* with the late Robert Carter, a magazine of which but three numbers were issued. In 1844 came a second volume of poems, and in 1845 his first prose work, *Conversations on some of the old Poets*. In 1848 appeared *The Vision of Sir Launfal*, and *The Biglow Papers*, and *The Table for Critics*. In 1851–2 he was in Europe. In 1854–5 he delivered a course of lectures at the Lowell Institute, in Boston, upon the English Poets. He was again in Europe in 1855, and in the same year succeeded Mr. Longfellow as Professor of Modern Languages and *belles-lettres* at Harvard University. The gown that he wore last November, when he delivered the oration at the two-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Harvard College was the professorial robe in succession of Ticknor, Longfellow, and Lowell. He was the original editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, from 1857 to 1862, and in 1863, with his friend Charles Eliot Norton, he edited the *North American Review*, and in 1864 he published *Fireside Travels*; in 1869 the *Cathedral* and *Under the Willows*, and in 1870 *Among my Books* and *My Study Windows*. In 1875 he read a poem at the centennial anniversary of the battle at Concord Bridge, and in the same year a poem at the Washington elm in Cambridge. He was a frequent contributor to *Putnam's Monthly* and the *National Antislavery Standard*, and to the *North American Review*. His latest work, *Democracy and other Addresses*, was issued this year. It is a collection of his more important occasional addresses in England, with the oration at Harvard. Mr. Lowell's public career covers nearly half a century, but at the age of sixty-eight he is still full of vigor and of the promise of long activity.



SKETCHES IN THE RIVIERA IN THE AREA OF DISTURBANCE BY THE RECENT EARTHQUAKES.—[See Page 171.]

1. Mentone. 2. Street in Roccabruna. 3. Monaco. 4. Street in the old town of Mentone. 5. Roccabruna, near Mentone. 6. Feudal Tower near Ventimiglia.



RECEPTION DRILL OF THE FIRST COMPANY OF HUSSARS, NEW YORK CITY.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 174.]

OLD GREENCROFT'S GIRL.

BY C. E. D. PHELPS.

Two women were in close converse on the narrow sidewalk of a small country town, while the passers-by made detours into the gutter to avoid them.

"I wonder," said Widow Locke, "how Tommy can act so. 'Tain't as if she was real pretty: a big mop of hair's about all there is to her, and with such folks as hers, and such a home, and them gypsy ways, it's real wicked in him."

"What's he done now?" queried Miss Bolt.

"Two weeks ago him and his father had a real blow-up. The old gentleman told him, I s'pose, he shouldn't have no more money; anyhow Tom left the house after loud talkin', went and fetched his things from the law office where he's been studyin', and next we heard he'd gone and got work in Orme's shop as one of the rubbers. Ain't that a come-down?"

"Your Jim works there, don't he?" Miss Bolt asked.

"Course he does. What's that to do with it? My Jim and Tom Wood's quite dife— I mean to say— Sally Bolt, I never did see the like of you. Soon's one goes to tell you a bit of news, or be anyways pleasant, you've some mean little speech or other to get off. You was always so from a girl. *I* b'lieve that's the reason you never got married."

"Mebbe 'tis, mebbe 'tis," replied the spinster, apologetically. "Ain't that young Wood comin' now?"

"Yes, that's him," said Mrs. Locke. "Must be noon hour, though I didn't hear the whistle. Well, I'm goin' to talk to him, and try to put him right. He's got no mother, and somebody had ought to do it."

"You don't mean here and now, in the street?" cried the other, aghast.

"Cert'nly I do. Mayn't have a chance again soon."

"Then I'll be movin'." And with a brief adieu Miss Bolt fled.

"Young Wood" came up the street in the midst of a throng of workmen. His fortnight's toil had not much changed the square shoulders and brown face into the likeness of the pallid, slouching men around him, and while their hands were knuckly and calloused, his were shapely and blistered.

"Mornin', Tommy," said Mrs. Locke, pouncing on him.

"Good-day, aunt," answered the young man, raising his hat. (She was a seventeenth cousin, but he had always given her the title, as better suiting their respective ages.)

"Won't you see what's the matter with the snap of my bag? I can't do nothin' with it." He took the article in his hands, and the other men passed on.

"Now, Tommy, I want to know what there is between you and that Greencroft girl," Mrs. Locke began. "Are you a-goin' to marry her?"

"Yes, if she'll have me," replied the youth.

"Have you asked her already?" cried his agitated relative.

"I have."

"And what'd she say?"

"It's very kind of you to take such an interest in my affairs, but really this is no place to discuss them, if I were inclined to do so anywhere," said Tom, hastily moving off. But Mrs. Locke caught him by the arm.

"I never was one to mind snubbin' in the performance of duty," said she, "and I sha'n't begin now. Tommy, if you marry that girl you'll rue the day. Look at that old slab hut they live in, the worst shanty in town. Look at her father, hobblin' round on a crutch; can't do anything but raise a patch of potatoes summers, and pick up sticks winters. Look at her mother, laid up half the time, and trampin' round the country, whenever she can move, after moss an' trash: that's all she's ever taught her girl, or ever will. As for Cassie herself—" But Tom, with a smothered interjection, broke from her and rushed off.

Could it be possible?—his darling's name already in Mrs. Locke's mouth? And what Mrs. Locke knew, all the town knew, he was well aware. Passing by the shaded spot where he had intended to eat his lunch, neglecting the calls of several of his comrades already recumbent at the feast, he pushed on until the "slab hut" came in sight. It was a small building, standing on a sidehill in a clump of cedars, and showing neither wall nor roof by reason of hundreds of long poles leaning against the eaves and meeting above, wigwam fashion. Stepping between two of these, he knocked at a low-browed door. "Come in," called a clear voice. He turned the knob, and entered a room small and humble, but with more comfort than one would have expected from the outside. A thick straw mat covered the floor, a couple of pairs of straw slippers lay beside the door. In the corner leaned a gun, a crutch, and a light mattock. Three or four stools, a table, and a small stove completed the furniture. Two doors opened to inner rooms, and one to a cupboard. By the window stood a girl, slight but strongly made, with, as her mother had been known to boast, "smaller hands an' feet than any gal of her age in town," a mass of tawny hair caught together by a band and hanging down her back, bright shining blue eyes, and a small dimple in her chin. As she saw Wood the color flickered up into her gold-brown cheeks, and she stepped forward.

"Cassie, I've come—" he began, but his words were cut short. The door behind him flew open again, and a burly, grizzled, elderly man limped in.

"Reckon you've forgot the rules, hain't ye, youngster?" he asked, with a scowl, reaching for the gun.

"Beg pardon; I really had," said Wood, sitting down on one of the stools and beginning to remove his shoes.

"And, Cassie," her father went on, "your mother was tellin' me Mis' Smith wants a lot of maidenhair ferns to-day, and she ain't able to get out. Hadn't you better be goin' for them? You'll hardly get back before dark now."

"Yes, father, I'll go," replied the girl. "Excuse me, Mr. Wood." Taking the mattock and a basket, she left the house.

By this time Tom had exchanged his shoes for a pair of the slippers, and though looking rather blank at Cassie's sudden departure, made no effort to follow. Evidently Mr. Greencroft was master in his own home. He put on the other pair of slippers and sat down.

"Now, young man, we can talk," said he. "I don't want to offend ye, but my rule is known. No man comes into this house without takin' his boots off, or he'll get a bullet in him; and those who don't like it can stop outside. But we'll say no more about that. Maybe ye came here to see Cassie?"

"I did," confessed Tom.

"Well, I think you'd better see me instead. It'd been more like a gentleman, which I've always thought ye, if you'd spoke to me before ye did to her; but you've acted honorable every other way, and I won't stand on it. You've been visitin' here ever sence you was a little chap, and I b'lieve you're the only young man in town been in the place more'n once; the dominie an' the doctor comes sometimes. I've looked at you an' Cassie growin' up together, and I've said to myself, 'If I warn't old Gypsy Greencroft and him the Squire's son, them two's made for each other,' and yet I've let it go on like an old fool." He paused and cleared his voice. "Sence Cassie told me you'd asked her to marry you, I've been thinkin' it over, and yesterday I concluded I'd go up an' see your father, who's generally treated me square, which few does. But, laws! I never see a man so changed. He was tearin'—opened right out on me. You know what I'm like, everywhere but in this house. Bow right down like a bulrush, and give no back talk. I ain't goin' to tell you all he said, or all the names he give me an' my girl, but the gist of it was that it was his money we were after. I said little, and came right away home; but I've got my pride as well as he. And I've made up my mind that without his consent you shall never marry my daughter. My wife"—jerking his hand toward the inner room—"can't move with rheumatiz, but she thinks with me; so does Cassie, and so you'll find."

Tom, who had sat grinding his teeth and changing color during this harangue, was breaking forth in protestations, but Greencroft stopped him.

"No use. I've said it. I don't believe you'll try to get round Cassie, but you'll find it no good if you do. Didn't I hear you'd gone into Orme's works?" Tom nodded. "Well, it's almost one. You'll have to make haste back, or you'll be docked for loss of time."

He rose to his feet. Tom pulled off the slippers, and drawing on his shoes without lacing them, shuffled away.

Greencroft looked after him. "Poor fellow! Poor Cassie! It's hard, but it's got to be."

Slightly recovering as he drew near the factory, Tom tied his shoes, made a hasty and unavailing search for his dinner-pail, which he had set down he could not exactly tell where, and was hurrying on, when an individual in a tall hat and heavy frock-coat stopped him.

"Is this Mr. Wood, lately gone into Orme's place?"

Tom assented.

"Well, it was rather a job, your getting in there without being one of the Band; but it will be all right if you join now."

"Join what?" asked Tom.

"Why, the Band of the Topaz Ring," replied the other, pulling out a printed paper. "All the fellows there belong. Here's an application blank. Sign your name there, pay one dollar for necessary expenses, and your case will be acted on at the next meeting."

Tom had no mind to do either of these things, and was not sorry for the chance to vent his feelings a little. "I'll do nothing of the kind," he exclaimed, pitching the pencil which the frock-coated one offered him across the street. "I have heard quite enough about that association, and mean to keep clear of it."

The stranger put up his paper, and looking keenly at Tom, nodded two or three times. "It's to your own interest," said he. "Perhaps you'll be sorry later."

With this he walked away. Tom hastened into the shop, encountering the room boss. "Late again, Wood," said he. "Four minutes last week, and now full ten. This won't do, you know." And he set down in his note-book certain cabalistic signs, which Tom well knew meant "half a day's pay off."

Whether the news of his refusal to join the Band had spread or not, the other workmen seemed different, the work less congenial than ever, and it was the worst afternoon he had yet gone through. His blunders excited extravagant mirth, his remarks were received with silence or derision, and toward evening, through the carelessness of a mate, he got a superficial but painful burn on his left hand. He emerged at six, weary, sore, and disheartened. Feeling strongly disinclined for the gossip and jokes which accompanied supper at the cheap boarding-house where he had settled, he turned, almost involuntarily, in the direction of his father's home.

The Squire's residence stood on a remnant of the large farm where his ancestors had dwelt for a hundred years, in the outskirts of the town. Some thirty acres yet remained, but the railroad on one side and the advancing streets on the other had diminished the Squire's acres and swelled his purse. Here the half farmer, half capitalist, and sometime Justice of the Peace had lived alone with his son since his wife's death, seven years before, save for a visit from his sister, Mrs. Eaton, every summer. As Tom advanced he saw his father leaning on the gate which gave admission to the barn.

"Good-evening, father," said Tom.

"How do, how do, Tom?" replied his father. "How are you getting on down there?"

"So-so," answered Tom.

"What's your hand tied up for?"

"Burnt it."

"Have you joined those Silver Padlocks, or whatever they call themselves?"

"No, sir, not yet."

"But you've been applied to, I shouldn't wonder?"

Tom did not deny this.

"Now look here, Tom," began the Squire. "I've been terrible lonely without you these two weeks, and I don't believe you're enjoying yourself so very much where you are now. Just drop it, and come back to your home. I've kept you closer than necessary, perhaps, but it shall be different now. I'll double the allowance I've made you—I can well afford it; your aunt will be coming up next month, and we'll get her to bring some young company with her. You can go to Europe next year, or do anything you like—if only you'll give up that girl."

"I can't do that, father," said Tom. "I love her, and she's worthy of it; and if she'll stand by me, I'll stand by her."

"Worthy of it!—worthy of it!" roared the Squire. "A gypsy beggar, a low-lived tramper! And it's for her you throw me over! Oh, never fear but she'll stick to you, tighter'n a leech, as long's she thinks you'll have my money. But I can block that, anyhow. This very minute I'll hitch up and go over to Lawyer Gray's, make my will, and leave every cent I have to your cousin Dick. How do you like that, eh?"

He looked up, but his son was some distance off. Evidently he had not waited to hear the end of his father's speech. Muttering angrily, the Squire went to the barn, harnessed a horse, and drove away.

Between the homestead and the railroad was a bit of land generally known as "b'longin' to the estate." It had been the property of a land speculator who had died some years before. Most of it was a tangled mass of bushes and briers, and at one end rose a small conical hill. Hither Tom bent his steps, and ascending the knoll, sat down with his back against a rock, drew up his knees, and laid his head on his arms. The young fellow had never been in a harder place before, and it naturally seemed to him that no one else ever had. He had spoken up bravely to his father, but his words were stouter than his heart. Repeated collisions with stronger wills were breaking his courage, and he began to admit that before long he must give way on one of the points in dispute. Moreover, he was in considerable physical discomfort. He had eaten nothing since breakfast, and fasting and excitement were beginning to tell on him. A light haze danced occasionally before his eyes, and his injured hand smarted and throbbed. His musings were disturbed by the sound of wheels on the planks at the railroad crossing. He looked after his father's buggy a minute, and idly wondered what his errand was. Then hearing footsteps behind him, he turned round, and recognized Jim Locke.

"How are you, Wood?" said Jim, advancing and offering his hand, which Tom took without much enthusiasm. "I saw you up here, and thought I'd come and sit along with you a bit, if my company's acceptable."

"The hill isn't mine; you can sit where you like," said Tom, gruffly.

Locke did not appear to notice it, but held out a large folded leaf. "I found some pretty good raspberries down here, and allowed you might like some."

Feeling rather ashamed, Tom, with a murmur of thanks, ate the fruit, and could not help feeling somewhat refreshed and mollified.

"I haven't been up here for quite a while," said Jim—"not since some of us made a bonfire here one Fourth of July night. 'Tain't much of a hill, but one can see off a ways from it. Bad sort o' crossing this, don't you think?"

"Yes," said Tom, trying to make conversation. "You see there's a little cutting here and a double curve; so you can't see a train, nor they you, till it's close on. The company has talked of straightening the line here, but I don't suppose they ever will unless somebody gets killed."

"I was just behind you on the road to-night, though you didn't see me," resumed Jim, with an air of sympathetic condolence which sat very ill upon him, "and I heard something of what your father said—perhaps a little more than you did"—here a brief but odious grin. "Mother told me something about the business before, and I want to say that I feel dreadful sorry for ye."

"Thanks, Jim," answered Tom. "I believe you mean well, but I'd much rather not speak of it, if you don't mind."

"That's all right. But there's another thing you won't mind speakin' of, I hope. I hear you wouldn't join the Band to-day. Now I tell you, as a friend, you'll never get on in those works unless you do. Standing alone is all very fine, but it won't work at this time of day. And if you try it there, you'll get froze out. We must be solid. Come, now, if you say so, I'll step round to the secretary to-night, and let him know you've changed your mind."

Tom listened in silence. He felt that what Jim said was true, yet could not bring himself to utter a consent. How often he had denounced the order, and declared its members to be slaves! How many times he had congratulated himself that he should never need such protection or assistance! Yet now circumstances seemed to impel him into it. A freight train rumbled tediously by, and Jim swung his hat to one of the brakemen. The sun sank down behind the hills. "Come, now, what d'ye say? Hadn't you better give in? No use knockin' your head against a wall."

His tone was triumphant, and Tom looked hard at him. The demand was simple, yet a suspicion crossed him that it concealed a deeper meaning, and that to give way here would be to give up all. Again the haze danced before his eyes, and Jim's commonplace features seemed to take on a likeness to a mocking tempter's.

"Goin' to give me an answer or not?" growled Locke. In miserable uncertainty Tom looked around. Three long ranks of cloud were just catching the rosy glow of the sunset, and for a time it grew lighter instead of darker. He glanced down the road, and saw his father's buggy returning homeward. "I'll give you an answer as soon as he crosses those rails," he said to Jim, who began softly whistling.

The old mare jogged up to the crossing, fell into a walk, and stumbled at the first rail. The Squire jerked at the reins to keep her up, but missed hold, and threw all his weight on one, pulling her short to the left. The fore-wheel cramped, and the topless buggy pitched over on its side, throwing the Squire heavily to the planks, where he lay motionless. The startled horse went off at a gallop, dragging the wreck at her heels, and the next moment the red eye of the night express leaped into sight, half a mile away. Instantly Tom was on his feet, dashing down the hill. He tore and crashed his way through the thicket at the bottom, while the roar of the approaching train grew louder and louder, and one memory after another of his father flitted through his mind—not the hard and tyrannical old man of the last few days, but the kind and genial parent, who had taught him to fish and row, who had listened with pride to his tales of school and study, who had stood with him by his mother's bedside, and heard her say, "You two must always love one another."

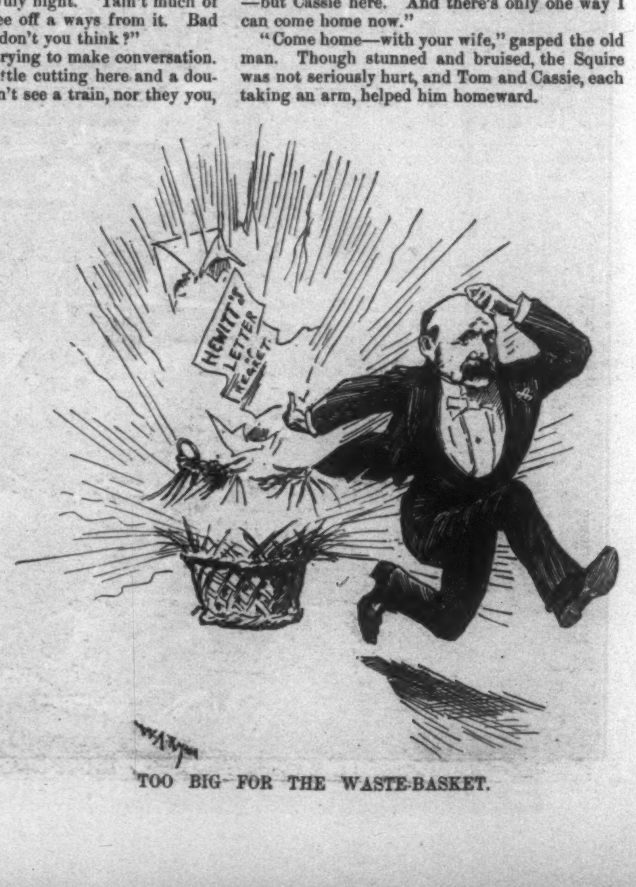
As he burst into the road and started at full speed for the crossing, the express rounded the curve. He heard the hoarse scream of the engine and the fierce rasp of the brakes, saw the rows of staring faces emerge from the car windows, saw his father rise on one arm and look vacantly about him, and heard a voice, which was, but seemed not, his own, shouting out a prayer for the help he was too late to bring. But another was not too late. He was still fifty yards away from the crossing when a slim figure with flying hair rushed up on the other side, and seizing the prostrate man, dragged him off the line, barely a second before the express thundered by. Panting and staggering, Tom came through the wind and dust of the departing cars. His father was half kneeling in the road, half leaning against Cassie Greencroft, who supported him on her arm.

"Father—Cassie—are you hurt?" cried Tom, catching a hand of each.

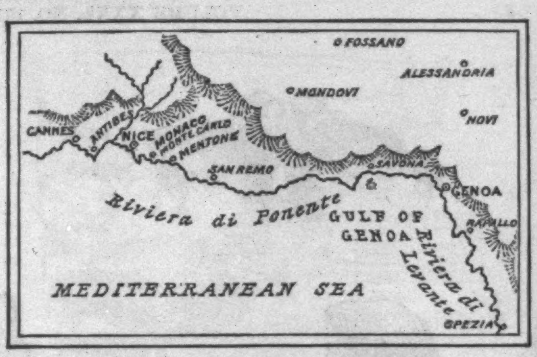
"Oh, Tom," sobbed the Squire, "I never thought to see you again. I've treated you shamefully, and now you've saved my life. Oh, my boy, come home, and never leave me."

"Father," said Tom, "it was not I who saved your life—though I would have done it if I could—but Cassie here. And there's only one way I can come home now."

"Come home—with your wife," gasped the old man. Though stunned and bruised, the Squire was not seriously hurt, and Tom and Cassie, each taking an arm, helped him homeward.


HEWITT'S LETTER OF REGRET.

TOO BIG FOR THE WASTE-BASKET.



MAP OF THE EARTHQUAKE DISTRICT.

THE EARTHQUAKE IN EUROPE.

Ash-Wednesday of 1887 will long be remembered in the beautiful region of the Riviera, where the Mediterranean coast of Italy joins that of France, as a day of destructive earthquakes in which hundreds of people perished. The first shock was felt that morning, February 23, just before six o'clock. A gay carnival week at Mentone, Monaco, Nice, Cannes, and San Remo had just ended. Belated Mardi Gras revellers were still in the streets of Nice, making their way homeward from masquerade balls, and the orphans of the asylum in the Avenue de la Gare were gathering at morning prayers, when the earth trembled, buildings swayed, a wing of the asylum crumbled, and instantly the streets were filled with a dazed and terror-stricken throng pouring from their houses, night dresses mingling with maskers' robes, and all instinctively taking to the public squares and to the heights behind the town. The scene at Nice was a type of what occurred in all the villages along the coast. Presently came another stampede, that of the tourists and health-seekers, who fled by thousands, taking rail, boat, or private conveyance. Some of them did not check their course till they had reached Paris, where, it is said, they emerged from railway cars in the costumes they had worn at Shrove-Tuesday balls, or with furs and coats under which dressing-gowns and slippers were visible. The rush for the trains during two days was that of a panic, people sleeping on the platforms to be nearest on the arrival of the cars, and trampling on each other in their rush for places.

The havoc wrought by this earthquake was very great. Churches fell, crushing those who had taken refuge in them at the first shock. Cottages and villas, occupied largely by English Americans, and Russians, along the Corniche Road, were tossed into ruins. The hotels were quickly deserted, and the guests camped in plazas, or bivouacked in carriages and cabs for shelter. A fear for the food supply was created for a moment when it was found that the bakers' ovens were wrenched out of working order, but trains soon brought supplies and succor, and also bodies of disciplined soldiers to maintain order, suppress fires, extricate from the débris the dead and the still living, and guard abandoned property from the busy thieves, to whom calamity and panic are harvest-time.

Out of the mass of rumors at length came specific details. It was found that at the little village of Bajardo nearly 300 people were killed or injured, mostly by the second shock, in the church in which they had taken refuge. At Diano Marino, a ball, it is said, was in progress, when the earthquake came, and the building fell, crushing the dancers. At that place nearly 250 were killed or injured, and the village was wrecked. At Bressant, the reported number killed or injured was 86; at Diano Castello, 30; at Castellano, 30. In the whole province of Porto Maurizio, 726, it is thought, were killed or injured, and in the province of Genoa, 71. Oneglia was much damaged. The churches at Castellano and Aurigo were thrown down; Cervo was slightly damaged. In the department of Var some walls of houses and churches were cracked. At Savona, Chateau Neuf, Colle, there were many injuries to property. Shocks were felt at Le Puy. At Mentone 250 houses were more or less injured, though only one person was killed there outright. At Bassano great damage was done. Villages built upon hill-side terraces seem to have specially suffered. Some wells dried up, and others became fuller, while at certain places the tide fell three feet and then quickly rose six. Vessels arriving from off the coast reported that they had felt strong shocks. The quaking was noted along the Italian coast as far as Leghorn, and in France as far north as Lyons. The Genoese Riviera suffered more than the French. At Parma, Turin, and Cosenza slight shocks were felt, and undulations were detected in Catania at the foot of Mount Etna. In Turin, a double-page picture of which will be found in last week's Bazar, portions of the ceiling of Santa Teresa Church fell among the early worshippers. In Switzerland oscillations were felt, with some damage to property, but not to life. During several days slight shocks were felt or fancied. It is worth noting that several hours after the main shock in Europe the seismoscope at Washington recorded disturbances, which indicated that the vibration had travelled about five hundred miles an hour.

Two days after the main shock, the arches of a cathedral at Nice fell; and in one village a castle tower was palpably thrown out of the perpendicular, though it did not topple over. Many of the structures now showing signs of weakness will therefore have to be taken down, as was the case at Charleston. At Oneglia the fears for the safety of the penitentiary were such that the inmates were all taken out, and made to pass the night in the court-yard of the jail, under guard, and the next morning were sent by ship to the prison at Genoa. It was noticeable that while Mentone looked, after the shock, like a city that had been bombarded, some buildings were total wrecks, while others, next door, had not a glass broken.

Many curious individual experiences are recorded, including vigorous efforts of invalids and cripples to escape. Few Americans were injured, and none are reported killed. One young lady, buried under the ruins of the villa Natal, was rescued unhurt. Less fortunate was the school-mistress Cheylan, who was crushed by a falling beam. Royal and princely personages chanced to be on the scene. The Prince of Wales was at Cannes, and the Duke de Chartres and others of the Orleans family were also in the region. Baron Rothschild and his family departed in a Pullman car. The King and Queen of Würtemburg remained in their villa at Nice, and gave contributions for the sufferers. The governments of France and Italy quickly made remittances. As we write, the excitement is subsiding, the people returning to their hotels and homes, the croupiers of Monte Carlo are at work, bathing-machines no longer command a premium as refuges, and there is a feeling that while slight shocks are still to be expected, the worst is over. Exact statistics of the losses in life and property must yet be awaited.

"THE TAMING OF THE SHREW."

Mr. Daly's company had earned so high a reputation, abroad as well as at home, for even and all-round excellence, that the experiment of employing it in the revival of one of Shakespeare's comedies least familiar to the modern stage could not be called doubtful. Nevertheless it must be said that the revival of *The Taming of the Shrew* imposes a much severer test upon the general competency of a dramatic company than the modern drama of society, in which this company had won most of its previous laurels. Shakespeare's comedies are so populous with characters and so crowded with incident, there is in them so prodigal an exuberance of invention, that they demand from the interpreters, in order to avoid confusion and to disentangle the intricacies of their plots, a much higher level of attainment than the plays in which modern playwrights have "adapted from the French" the quasi-classic clearness and symmetry that distinguish the art work of the Grand Nation. In these latter the subordinate characters remain subordinate, and the humble artist who has to inform his lord that the carriage waits has nothing more important to do. In Shakespeare's comedy he may at any time become a principal personage, and the qualities of an accomplished actor be imperatively required of him. The emphatic success gained by Mr. Daly's company will be better appreciated by whosoever reads the play carefully before seeing the production, and notes what is required not merely of three or four principal characters, but of all the characters, in order to produce anything like an illusion. The "servants to Lucentio" and the "servants to Petruchio," for whom in a modern comedy, or even in a comedy of the period of Sheridan and Goldsmith, the unpretending "supers" might be safely cast, suddenly demand qualities far above those of the super, and are called upon to hold the stage. It is no wonder that the necessity for such a number of good actors and actresses should deter most managers from producing *The Taming of the Shrew*. Mr. Daly has not only essayed the play proper, "slightly modified and rearranged," as the play-bill has it, by himself—so slightly that only the spectator who holds the text in his hand detects the modifications and rearrangements—he has also done the "Induction," which is neither a prelude, nor a setting, nor a Greek chorus, but which Shakespeare seems to have adjoined to his comedy in mere wantonness of invention, insomuch that after the first scene of the first act, which they annotate quite in the manner of more modern Shakespearian commentators, the drunken tinker and his retinue lapse into oblivion. The Induction stands as a little farce by itself, and a very lively farce it is as it is done at Daly's, thanks mainly to the maudlin gravity of Mr. Gilbert's Christopher Sly.

In the play proper Miss Rehan's personation of the termagant is without doubt the most interesting piece of acting. In such partial presentations of the play as American play-goers have alone known heretofore, the shrew has been for the most part a meek member of a stock company, introduced—like a mustang trained perfunctorily to buck—in order to exhibit the powers of her trainer. This has been the case with the representations that have been given of the taming act with Mr. Edwin Booth in the character of Petruchio. It is doubtful whether anybody who has seen that performance recalls any of the various shrews upon whom the tragedian has operated much more vividly than he would recall one of the animals upon which he might have seen the late Mr. Rarey exercise his skill. Of Mr. Booth's Petruchio, on the other hand, the recollection of those who have seen it must be very clear, even after the lapse of many years. The savage and cynical buffoonery with which he domineered over his cantankerous bride seemed a waste of power, considering the docility of his shrews. Mr. Drew takes the part at Daly's, and it was not to be expected that such an exhibition of masterfulness should be afforded by this amiable comedian. While with Mr. Booth's Petruchio it seemed that he was employing needless brutality to frighten an unfortunate and not unamiable spouse, the wonder in the present case is that such on out-and-out termagant as Miss Rehan's Katharina should view her lord with so much alarm. The part, indeed, fits Miss Rehan's qualities to perfection, more exactly, perhaps, in the earlier scenes, where her shrewishness is permitted full play, than in those that follow, in which her asperities have been mitigated. Miss Rehan is a mistress of what may be called the plastic side of histrionic art. In all that pertains to effective movement and attitude she leaves little to be desired, and in her Katharina the accessories of dress are employed with appropriateness and skill to heighten these effects. Of the other characters, it is not possible to overlook the Grumio of Mr. Lewis, whose native drollery is so irresistible that it always seems pedantic to inquire whether it is quite the drollery his author meant.

Interesting as the production is as a piece of acting, its brilliant success has been due still more to its mounting. As a triumph of skilful stage management the *Taming of the Shrew* has not been surpassed, and it has rarely been equalled. The effect is gained not merely by lavish sumptuousness but by care and intelligence. The reproductions on another page give as good an idea as such reproductions can of stage pictures, in which so much of the effect is kaleidoscopic and comes from the combined attractions of color and movement. One wonders, as one is often moved to wonder at a Shakespearian revival, what Shakespeare would have thought of such a performance as he could never have seen in everything that tends to perfect illusion. The rude devices of the Elizabethan stage were to the scenic perfection of the modern theatre little more than stage directions. As Mr. Stevenson has pointed out in his delightful essay on "Child's Play," the juvenile mind produces its illusions with very imperfect mechanical helps. Whether this argues a greater vigor of imagination or not, the play-goers of Shakespeare's time were in this respect much more like children than their successors.

DR. JAMES STRONG.

Among the families of New England the Strongs are a numerous clan, mostly descended from Elder John Strong, one of the founders of Northampton, Massachusetts. The elder was a prosperous tanner, and the father of eighteen children; with such a start in the New World it is not surprising that the Strongs spread rapidly. In the main they have given a good account of themselves. Among the descendants of the Northampton tanner are Professor Theodore Strong, of Rutgers College, Governor Caleb Strong, of Massachusetts, and Judge Selah Brewster Strong, Justice of the Supreme Court of New York from 1847 to 1855. The Strongs are also connected by marriage with the Dwights, the Haights, and other New-England families of note. The number of descendants of Elder John, of Northampton, living and dead, included in Dwight's history, is twenty-eight thousand six hundred and eighty-seven. No historian has yet traced the connection between this branch of the clan of Strongs and the other branches. Dr. James Strong, the subject of this sketch, is the son of Thomas Strong, who came to this country from England in 1815, and died in New York in 1827. He was born in the city of New York, August, 1822, and graduated at the Wesleyan University, Middletown, Connecticut, in 1844. Two years after graduation were spent in teaching Greek and Latin in West Poultney, Vermont. In 1849 he settled in Flushing, Long Island, and, unencumbered by business cares, devoted himself to Biblical studies; these have ever since been the occupation of his life. Having chosen the career of a man of letters, Dr. Strong has inflexibly adhered to it, and has occupied himself during long years literally with one work. The fruit of his studies has appeared in numerous publications. In 1852 he issued "A New Harmony and Exposition of the Gospels, consisting of a Parallel and Combined Arrangement of the Narratives of the Four Evangelists"; in 1853, "A Compendium of the Gospels, containing all the Facts of the Gospels in Chronological Order in the Words of the Authorized Version"; in 1854, "A Harmony of the Gospels in the Greek of the Received Text, with the Most Important Various Readings, etc."; in 1857, "An Epitome of Hebrew Grammar"; in 1869, "An Epitome of Chaldee Grammar"; in 1876, "An Outline of Greek Grammar, with Brief Reading Lessons for Beginners in the New Testament." Besides these there have been prepared by him several books of the English edition of Lange's Commentary, and numerous brief publications which it would be inappropriate to catalogue here.

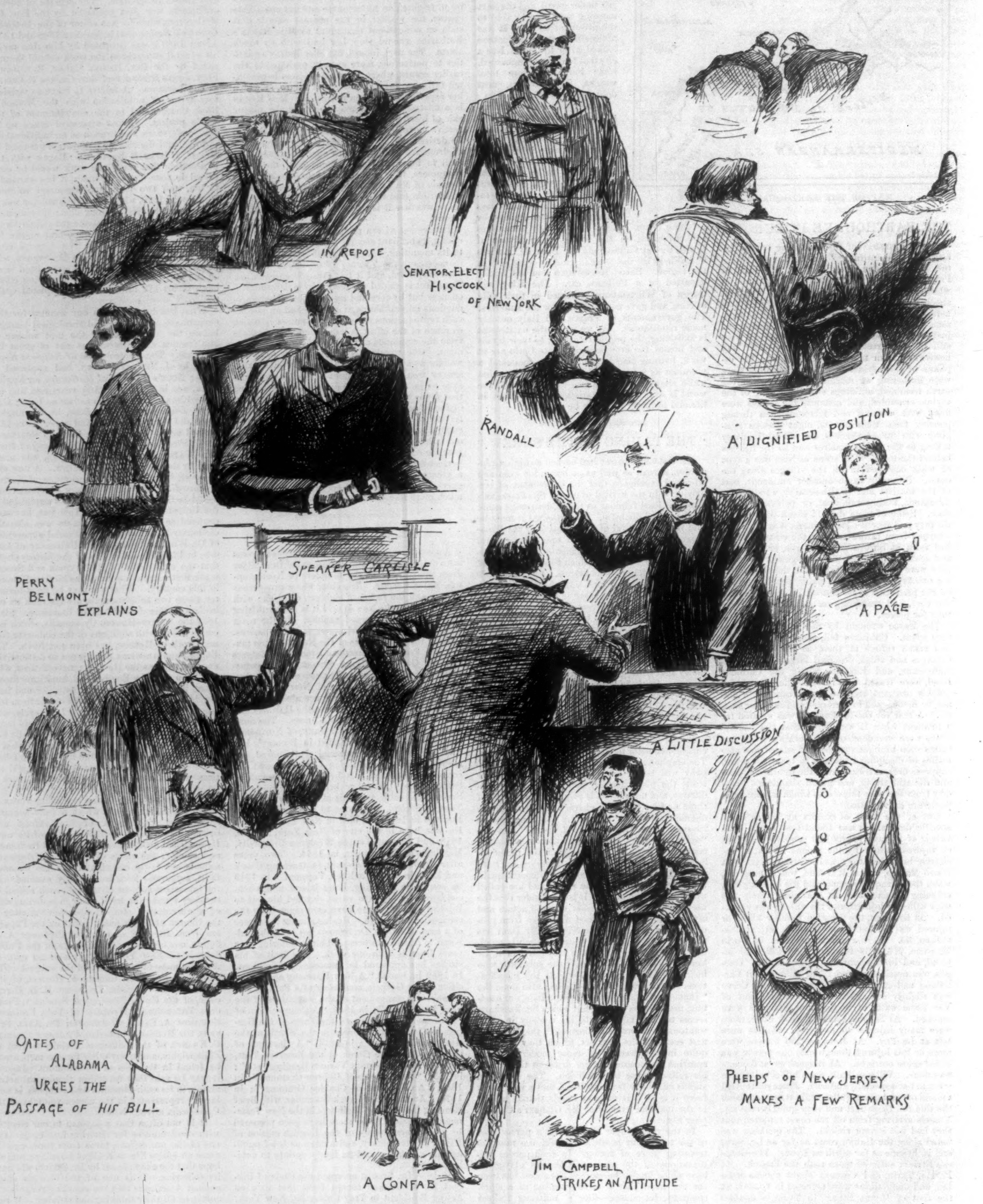
In 1858 Dr. Strong accepted the chair of Biblical Literature, and served from that date as Acting President in Troy University, New York. The head of the University was Dr. John McClintock, who was, however, not able to give personal attention to the duties of the position. This school, in whose faculty of instruction were Marvin R. Vincent and Charlton T. Lewis, was suffered, for lack of financial support, which it should have had from the Methodist Episcopal Church, to become extinct. Never was so bright a sunrising followed more quickly by a disastrous eclipse. Returning to Flushing, Dr. Strong was in 1868 chosen Professor of Exegetical Theology in Drew Theological Seminary, Madison, New Jersey. The seminary had been founded the year before by Daniel Drew; Dr. Strong was a member of its first faculty, and here again was associated with his old friend the Rev. Dr. John McClintock.

In 1867 appeared the first volume of the *Cyclopædia of Biblical and Theological Literature*, by which Dr. Strong is now and will be hereafter best known to scholars. The scheme of such a cyclopædia was first projected by the Rev. Dr. McClintock when he was editor of the *Methodist Quarterly Review*, that is, between 1848 and 1856. About 1850 it was proposed by him that under his general supervision the work should be prepared by the Rev. Daniel Carey, Rev. James Floy, James Strong, and Rev. George R. Crooks as collaborators. A failure to come to satisfactory terms of publication with the Methodist Book Concern led to the abandonment of the whole project. It was afterward taken up by Drs. McClintock and Strong as an individual enterprise, and the risk of publication assumed by Messrs. Harper & Brothers. Begun with the expectation that the whole work would be comprised in four octavo volumes, it has expanded to ten, with two more supplementary volumes. In the year 1870, while the fourth volume was in preparation, Dr. McClintock died; he had, however, "before his decease collected and partly arranged a large amount of important matter for the succeeding volumes." The duty of completing the work has fallen to Dr. Strong, who has devoted to his task the unintermitted labor of the last fifteen years. The surviving editor has put his life into the now completed cyclopædia.

What had been done in our country for this department of Biblical and theological learning before the appearance of the first volume of McClintock and Strong was not of great importance. The *Encyclopædia of Religious Knowledge*, by J. Newton Brown, had appeared in 1835; Buck's *Theological Dictionary*, an English work, was in circulation fifty years ago, and appeared in a revised edition as late as 1847; Calmet's *Dictionary of the Bible*, in its English dress, did valuable service, and appeared in 1832 revised and enlarged by Dr. Edward Robinson; the *Biblical and Theological Dictionary* of Richard Watson, an English Wesleyan, was much used by the Methodists of America. A new era, however, began with the appearance of Kitto's *Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature*, which was published in Edinburgh, 1845, and was duplicated in the United States in 1852. This was, however, confined to Biblical literature, as was also the dictionary issued under the editorial supervision of Dr. William Smith, of the University of London, in 1860–64. A review of the history shows that the cyclopædia of McClintock and Strong is the first complete work of the kind undertaken in this country. Whatever may be done hereafter, these two scholars must always rank as our leaders in this department of literature. Since 1867 the Schaff–Herzog Cyclopædia, which is a compression, with additions of the elaborate German work of Herzog, has been put forth. The English and American mind is not so distinctively encyclopædic as the German; nevertheless, what has been done by English and American theologians in this kind is marked by vigor and independence, and does not suffer by comparison with the best German scholarship. In a cyclopædia which is both Biblical and theological, and largely biographical, it is exceedingly difficult to fix limitations. To decide what to include and what to exclude must often puzzle the brain of the editor in chief; and in the end many biographical notices must be excluded, simply because there is no space for more.

While owing much to the preceding works of Kitto and Smith, a debt which is fully acknowledged, the Cyclopædia of McClintock and Strong has a marked individuality of its own. Its doctrinal articles are distinguished by fulness and candor; the views of the several dogmatic schools are fairly stated, and the too common fault, *suppressio veri*, is carefully avoided. In the important subject of the will, each school of theology speaks for itself through a distinguished representative. Important articles relating to the Church of Rome, notably that on the Papacy, are from the pen of the late Professor A. J. Schem, one of the Superintendents of the Public Schools of New York, than whom no man in America more fully understood the subject. The names of Professor George F. Holmes, of the University of Virginia, Professor R. D. Hitchcock, of the Union Theological Seminary, President Theodore D. Woolsey, of Yale, Professor Edwards A. Park, of Andover, Dr. Abel Stevens, the Methodist historian, Professor Charles P. Kranst, of the Lutheran Divinity School of Philadelphia, and many other famous men, are to be found in the lists of contributors. Indeed, it may be said that American theological scholarship, in its entire breadth and compass, is very largely represented in the eleven volumes of the Cyclopædia already issued.

It is not often that a layman in our country, with opportunities for entering into business or one of the professions, turns from these and devotes an entire life to Biblical learning; and we hope that the example set by Dr. Strong will have its following. It is one of the charges made against Americans that the counting-room is the centre of all their thinking and striving. We do not see how it could be otherwise; we would not wish it to be otherwise; for the counting-room is the symbol of method, of order, of well-regulated activity. But there is something between the centre and the circumference of our American existence. The love of learned culture, of the arts, of whatever is at once pure, and graceful, and beautiful, is to be found there. We labor that we may not labor; we toil that we may be free from the necessity of toil; we are manifoldly busy that we may have leisure for intellectual pursuits. We are more and more coming to that state of society which develops men wholly devoted to learning for its own sake. Dr. Strong has shown that such a life may be abundantly fruitful. The *Biblical and Theological Encyclopædia* which bears his and Dr. McClintock's name will long remain a conspicuous example of honest and thorough labor applied to the highest ends.


IN REPOSE
SENATOR-ELECT HISCOCK OF NEW YORK
A DIGNIFIED POSITION
PERRY BELMONT EXPLAINS
SPEAKER CARLISLE
RANDALL
A PAGE
A LITTLE DISCUSSION
OATES OF ALABAMA URGES THE PASSAGE OF HIS BILL
PHELPS OF NEW JERSEY MAKES A FEW REMARKS
A CONFAB
TIM CAMPBELL STRIKES AN ATTITUDE

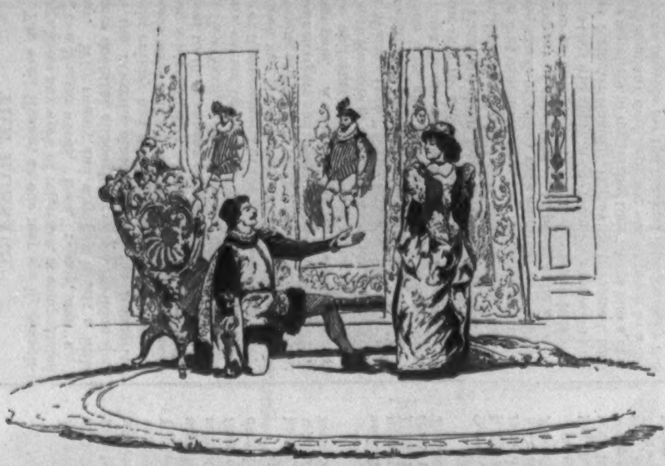
SKETCHES IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.—Drawn by E. W. Kemble.

SOME MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE.

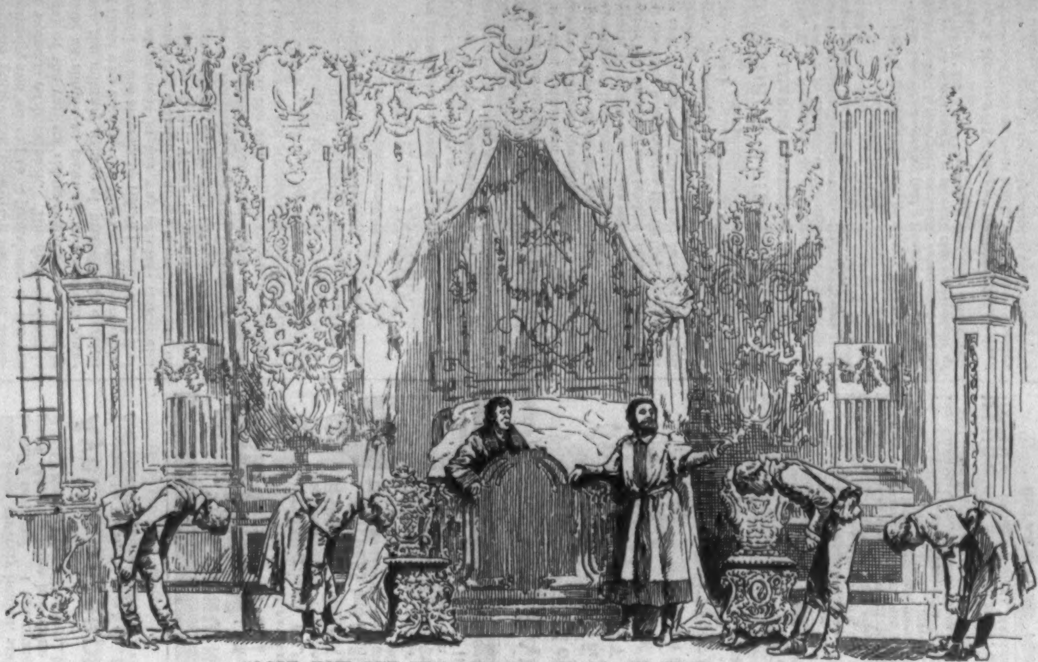
It is an advantage of the artist's pencil that it may work quickly, and operate without preparation or formality. It is thus frequently enabled to catch subtle or natural expression. Its achievements are in marked contrast to those of the photographer's camera, which is a deliberate instrument with strong mannerisms. The camera is not quick to seize upon the most edifying look or the most interesting attitude. The subject, being forewarned, has opportunity to banish expression and assume a pose of convention and rigidity, whereas the pencil catches him in his natural moods, and puts him down in a jiffy as he is, without asking him to "look pleasant," or taking him into its confidence in any way.

Sleep is very sweet to a man who weighs four hundred pounds. The reposing legislator in Mr. Kemble's picture shares with thousands of other large Americans the name of the lamented extraordinary quadruped which was killed by a locomotive, and but few so well deserve the playful appellation. His fellow-members tell a somewhat curious story about him. For two years after his first appearance in Washington it was observed with interest that in journeying from his lodgings to the national halls of legislation he invariably left the horse-car at the foot of Capitol Hill, and laboriously toiled along the steep remainder of the way on foot. It was supposed that this heroic behavior was in pursuance of a scheme to become smaller, and no particular attention was paid to it, although, as said, it was regarded with interest. But one warm summer day, after four-and-twenty months of faithful and strenuous performance, the legislator spoke peevishly of being obliged to walk uphill, and it then transpired that during all those two laborious years he had never once suspected that the cars ran all the way to the top, and that he might have ridden up as well as not. The drivers had wondered to see the ponderous Congressman always perform the most difficult part of his journey on foot, but they supposed he walked from choice, and did not presume to interfere with him; and the legislator himself, with hanging head and attention wholly bestowed upon his painful toil, never observed the car he had just left slowly ascending the hill at his side, or his late fellow-passengers looking out of the windows and curiously regarding him. Since his discovery of the fact that the cars go to the top of the hill, the worthy legislator has fretted a great deal over what he calls "countless opportunities neglected"; but his fretting has reduced his weight no more than his physical labors did, which goes to show that we all have our troubles, and that sharp gnawings of the mind are not necessarily incompatible with extreme personal development.

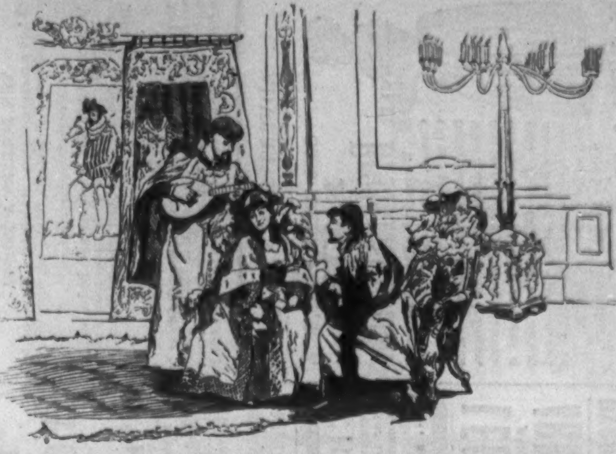
The figures of Mr. Kemble's collection generally tell their own story. The faces of Speaker Carlisle, Mr. Randall, Senator-elect Hiscock, Mr. Campbell, Mr. Phelps, and Mr. Belmont are all striking, and exhibit interesting characteristics. Mr. Randall has just received a message, and is reading it with the assistance of spectacles, an appurtenance with which this statesman rarely appears in pictorial representation. The "little discussion" is between Messrs. Cobb and Reed, and would doubtless be as interesting to listen to as it is to observe. The member with his feet up is from Pennsylvania. He is not without imitators in the House so far as position is concerned.



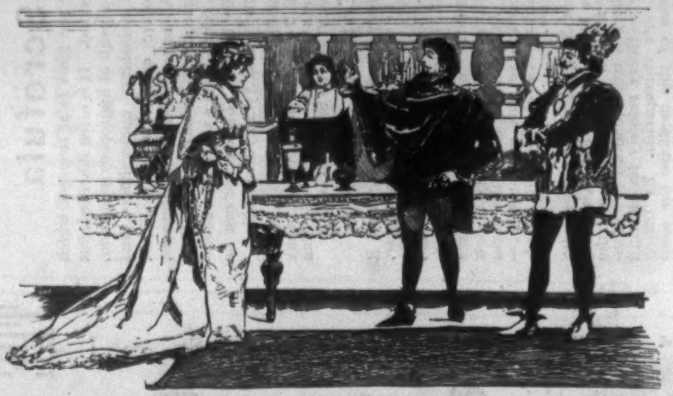
"ASSES WERE MADE TO BEAR."—*Act I., Scene* 1.



"LOOK HOW THY SERVANTS DO ATTEND ON THEE."—*Induction.*

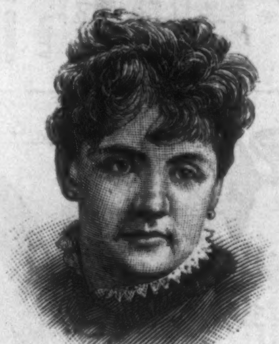


"FIDDLER, FORBEAR!"—*Act III., Scene* 1.

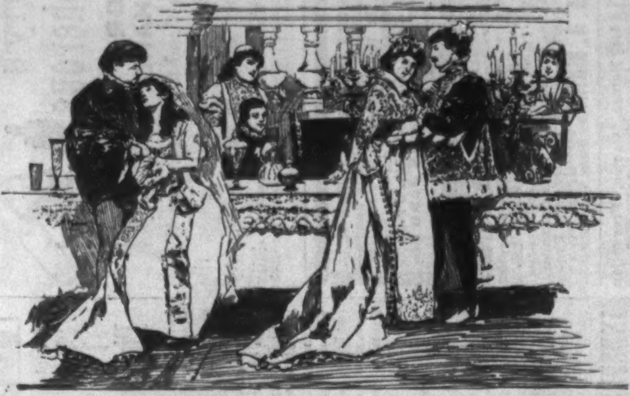


"WHAT IS YOUR WILL, SIR?"—*Act V., Scene* 2.

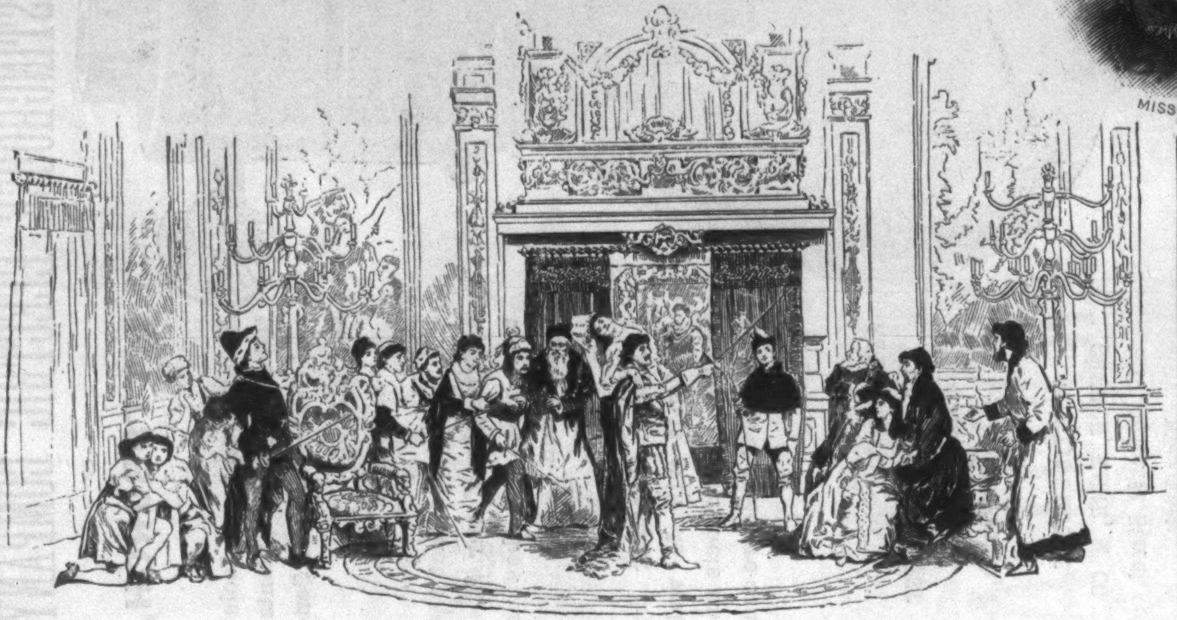
TAMING of the SHREW



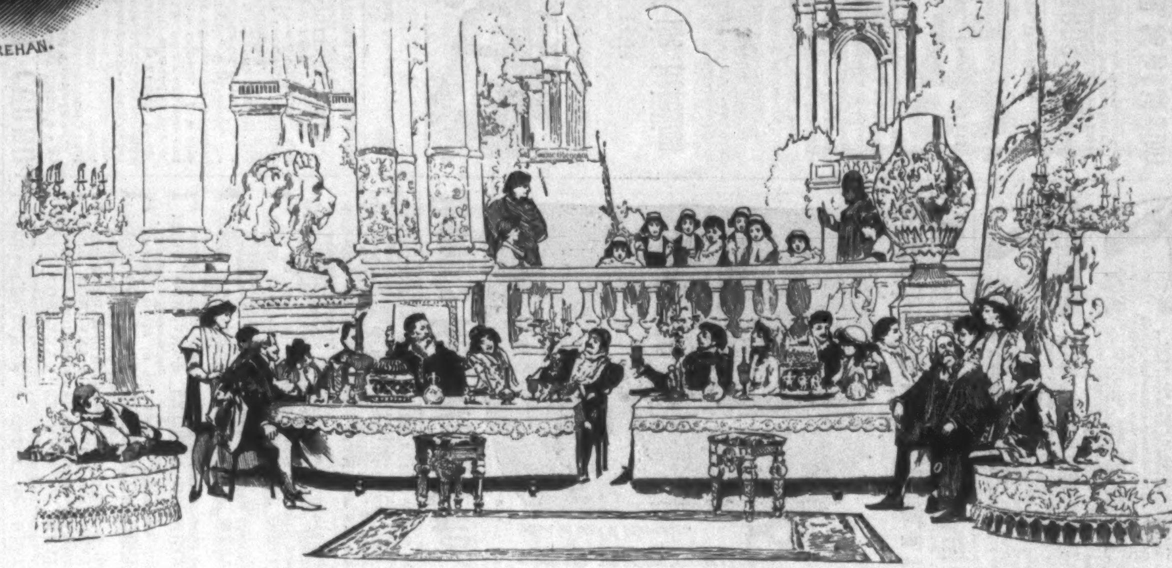
MISS REHAN.



"KISS ME, MY KATE."—*Act V., Scene last.*



"FEAR NOT, SWEET WENCH....I'LL BUCKLER THEE AGAINST A MILLION."—*Act III., Scene last.*



"AT LAST, THOUGH LONG, OUR JARRING NOTES AGREE."—*Act V., Scene* 2.

A NOTABLE REVIVAL AT DALY'S THEATRE.—DRAWN FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE PHOTO-GRAVURE COMPANY BY BRUSH ELECTRIC LIGHT.—[SEE PAGE 171.]

THE HUSSARS.

The word Hussar, as one may see by consulting almost any work of reference, is compounded of two Magyar words, "husz," twenty, and "ar," pay. Why twenty and why pay is left a little more doubtful, although there is a tradition that in the fifteenth century, when the Hungarian light cavalry had its origin, every twenty households were obliged to furnish, equip, and maintain a horse-soldier. The appropriateness of the term to the company of cavalry lately organized in New York, under the name of the First Hussars, cannot be denied. There were about twenty of them engaged in the first "reception drill," which was given at Dickel's riding-school on the evening of February 18, and nobody who remarked their chargers and their uniforms could doubt that they paid. A mild touch of Anglomania dictated the uniforms, which are said to be those of the Tenth Hussars of the British service, "The Prince of Wales's Own." The uniform, British or not, is extremely natty, with its dark blue relieved by white belts and gold stripes, with the visorless British forage-cap for the men and the majestic bear-skin for the officers.

There are about forty Hussars altogether thus far, though only half that number took part in the first exhibition drill, the precision and picturesqueness of which were admired by a brilliant company of spectators. At present the Hussars form an independent company, though it is said that they will apply in due form for admission into the National Guard. It may be presumed that the members in organizing themselves into a cavalry company were actuated not so much by a desire to provide for the national defence as by the laudable purpose of improving their own horsemanship, and adding to it proficiency in the use of weapons on horseback. The drills and music rides of the various riding-schools are naturally made as simple as possible, and a much lower than the military degree of precision is exacted of those who take part in them. There are clubs formed in the schools by riders ambitious of further attainment in the way of class riding and manœuvring, and these adopt a modification of the military drill. There is nothing, however, that quite takes the place of cavalry tactics as a means of rendering men and horses handy in working together. The Anglomania of the Hussars ceases at the uniform, for they have retained as instructor an old sergeant of the Fifth United States Cavalry, and it is to be presumed that he will bring them up in the way they should go, according to Upton. Captain Thomas Manning is the commander of the Hussars.

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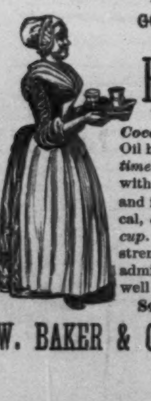

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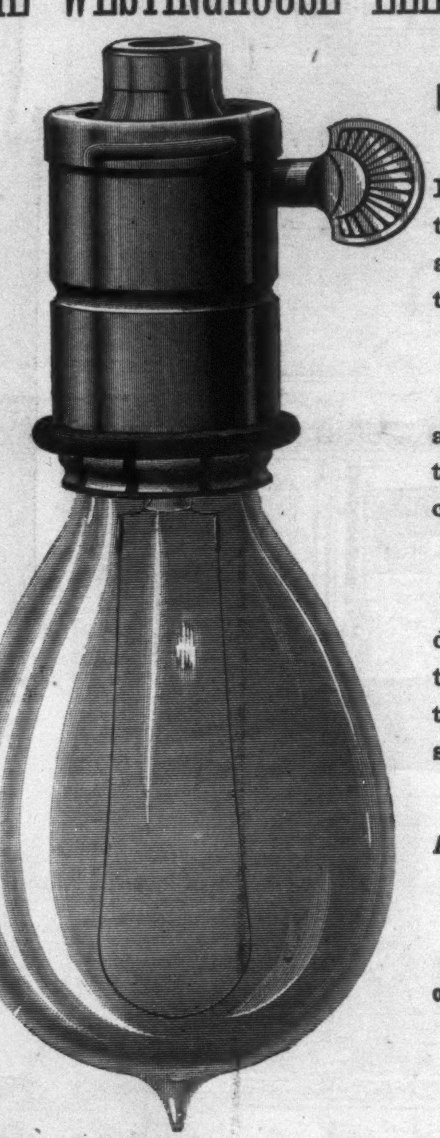

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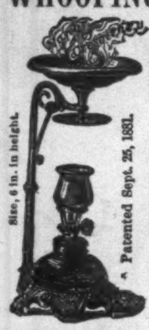
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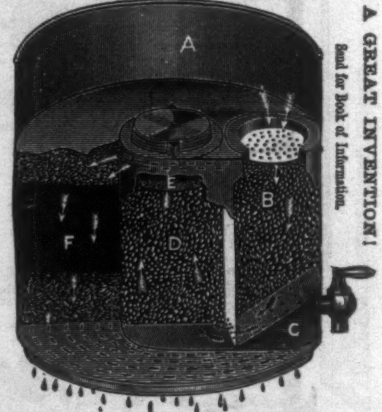

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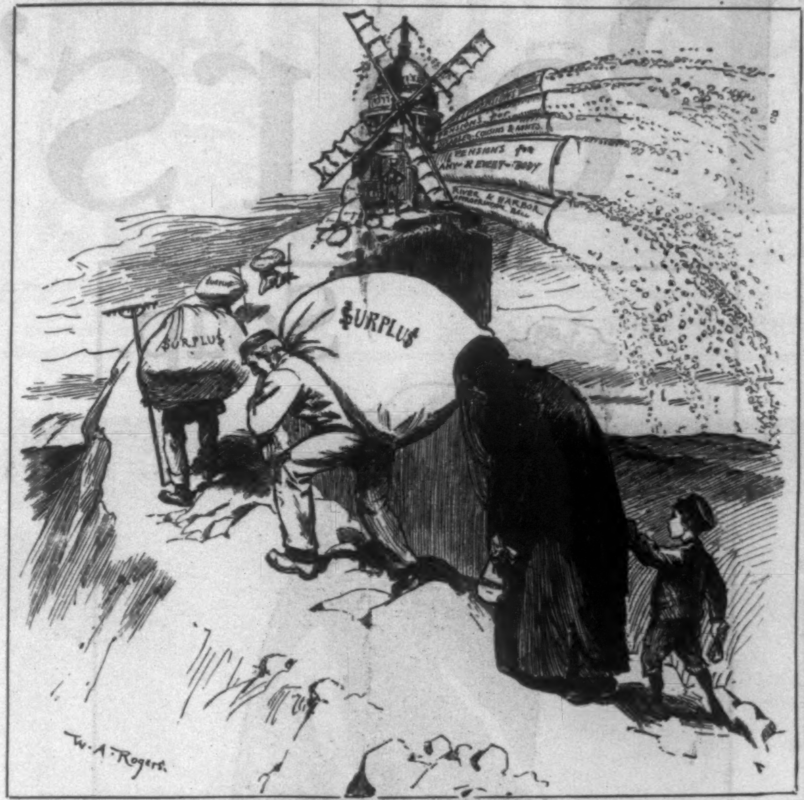
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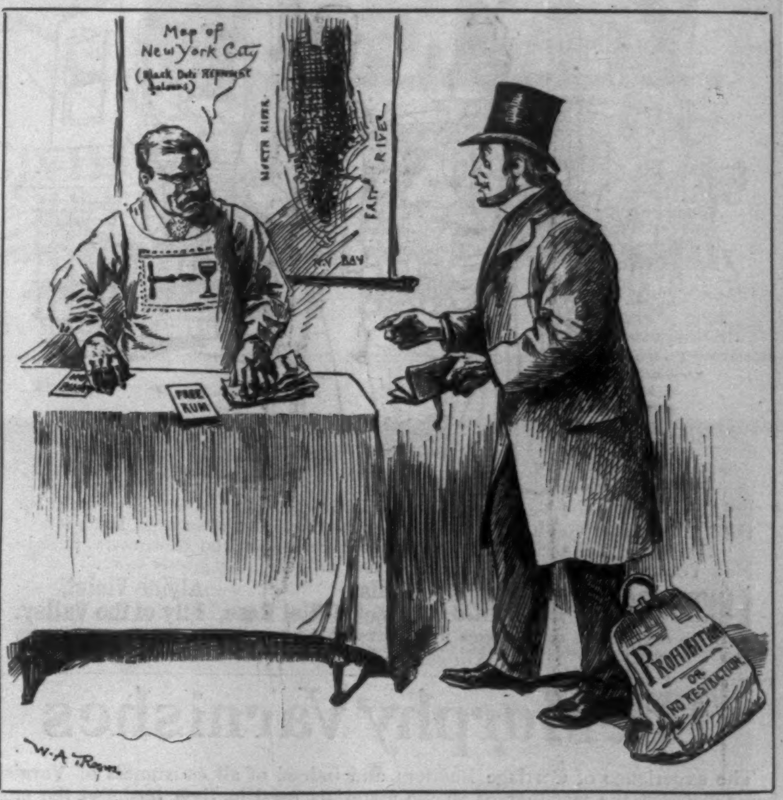
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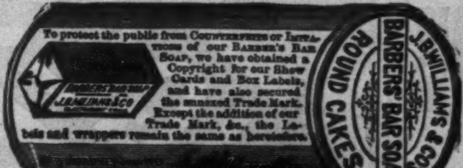
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